

Jinx in space

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by [Meg_B678](#)

Summary

They got to the cargo hold and Tommy laid his eyes on the crates for the first time. They weren't that much bigger than him. There was some shuffling movements though that Tommy squinted at.

Then he recognised the creature staring back at him. Well. Creatures. There were three of them. Three crates. From the two in the back, one let out threatening growls, the one beside it shuffled closer to the growling one, letting out scared whimpering sounds. The one in front though, just stared back at him with eyes similar to his own.

"These are..." Tommy straightened up, looking at Dream now, "humans."

Or... Tommy is a smuggler by trade but one client has hired him for a job he just can not take.

Notes

Tw: blood, violence, references to trauma and torture

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Tommy was so fucked. He should have expected a moral crisis like this, having chosen smuggling as his career path but surprisingly, throughout his three rotations of doing this, this is the first one.

It started like any other. Someone reached out to him over the dark web. He passed the background checks and he wasn't IGF. Great. He had some cargo and he was willing to pay rather handsomely to get three crates across galaxy. Crates that required feeding.

Ok. Tommy's dealt with animals before, he knows his stuff and he's more than willing to take a look before turning down the job. So he met with the guy. It was just a meeting. The guy seemed nice, rather charming actually.

"You know, Jinx, when I reached out to you, I didn't think I'd actually get a response," the Krakari said. His forked tongue slithered out to taste the air. His green scales glistened in the sun but something about him ruffled Tommy's feathers the wrong way.

"Really?" Tommy asked.

"Yeah, I mean, you're a bit of a legend. I've heard you've smuggled *royalty* across borders."

Tommy wanted to preen under the praise but he knew better than to be buttered up. He may have fallen for it when he was younger but he'd learned from those mistakes. It was costly to have an ego.

"So the rumours say," Tommy grit his teeth. He'd love to confirm that one. He was real proud of himself for that work. Right out from under their noses but this guy could have a wire.

"Well, I'm in need of getting three crates of creatures to a market in Kinoko. You don't need to worry about them, I'm trained in handling and will be doing all the upkeep. I'd prefer if you didn't try to help actually, they can be quite tricky."

"And what are these creatures?" Tommy raised an eyebrow.

"Well, you have your secrets, I have mine."

"Except nothing gets on my ship that I don't know about," Tommy narrowed his eyes, "so tell me, *Clay*, what cargo will I be hauling across the galaxy?"

"How did you get that name?" The Krakari hissed as he leaned forward, showing off his three rows of dagger-like teeth. Ah. That's why Tommy didn't like the man.

His face was flat, no snout like most creatures with teeth like that and his mouth was constantly curved up. His eyes were an unnatural green, almost neon with slits for pupils. Though the rest of his body had green scales, his face was white, almost like he wore a mask.

When he stood, he was taller than Tommy with claws on both his hands and feet with a long scaly tail.

Tommy didn't fear his claws, not when he had his own killing claw on his bird like feet. Clay may have had more claws and teeth but one of Tommy's toe claws was larger than the rest, designed for slicing easily through even the toughest scales.

"I did my checks on you," Tommy sat back.

"Call me Dream," Clay hissed.

"Fine, *Dream*. I still need to know what's coming on my ship." Tommy stood now too, not backing down.

Tommy was a Fawthern. A feathered biped with large red wings and three long fingers at the end of feathered arms. He hid his wings in a large hoodie while out in public, using the hood to hid his crest of beautiful gold feathers slicked back on the top of his head.

His snout ended in a beak like appendage that had a single row of grinding teeth that, though it wouldn't be piercing armour like his killing claw, still wasn't pleasant to be bitten with. He also had a long thin tail that ended in a small fan of gold feathers. It was also hidden while out in public.

Dream was hiding most of his features with a hooded cloak but Tommy had met enough Krakari to know based on his face alone. Dream huffed, all good will they had between each other had turned to distrust. Good. Tommy hated the pandering to his ego. It reminded him of bad times.

"I can't say here," Dream looked around cautiously, "but I can show you. They're on my ship." Tommy nodded and followed the Krakari at a distance. He kept an eye out for anyone that could recognise him. He was a wanted criminal after all.

Dream's ship was far bigger than Tommy's, he understood why the guy needed a downgrade to go undetected. When he entered, he was hit by the sterile smell first. It was overwhelming enough that Tommy nearly didn't take another breath in that ship.

A Fawthern's best sense was its smell though and so Tommy relied on that to figure out just what type of guy he was dealing with. The sterile smell could mean a clean freak but Tommy caught the scent of blood and knew there was more to it. His feathers puffed out a little but he forced them to be smoothed down.

The scent of blood told Tommy a lot too. For one, it was very iron rich. Too much to belong to the Krakari. This was from a highly active species and Krakari were more known as cold blooded ambush predators. They were built for short bursts of speed and power whereas Tommy was a pursuit hunter, able to reach speeds of up to 50 mph in under three minutes. So this blood smelt very similar to his own.

Tommy kept away from an arm's reach of Dream. He was fast but Dream could turn on him in a second. Tommy needed a couple seconds reaction time.

They got to the cargo hold and Tommy laid his eyes on the crates for the first time. They weren't that much bigger than him and for a split second, he was worried there were Fawthern in there. There was some shuffling movements though that Tommy squinted at. His pupils blew wide, sucking up his blue iris as he tried to see better in the low light.

Then he recognised the creature staring back at him. Well. Creatures. There were three of them. Three crates. From the two in the back, one let out threatening growls, the one beside it shuffled closer to the growling one, letting out scared whimpering sounds. The one in front though, just stared back at him with eyes similar to his own.

"These are..." Tommy straightened up, looking at Dream now, "humans."

Dream raised an eyebrow, "so you recognise them?"

"Of course, I recognise them. You're crazy!"

"Will you help me transport them or not?" Dream asked.

"Hell no!" Tommy yelled out, "and I sure hope no smuggler is dumb enough to."

"You're right. I've been in contact with other smugglers, they say something similar. You're my last chance."

"No! Seriously, why are you even keeping them like that?" He gestured to the crates, "you realise these are sentient creatures, right?" He looked into the crate nearest him and met the analytical stare. He could see the human's hands and feet were bound and the crate had them permanently hunched over in a sitting position. They were also gagged.

"They're feral, I'm taking precautions," Dream huffed.

"No, Dream, they're not fucking feral. I smelt the blood! I know it's not yours!"

"Hmm, I guess it's true then for Fawthern sense of smell."

Tommy hissed at that. He did not like the way Dream said that, like he'd just passed some secret test. "Word of advice, treat them like animals and they'll act like it." Tommy pushed passed Dream and headed back for the doors.

"Don't act all high and mighty, you've trafficked people before."

"I didn't kidnap them!" Tommy turned back, " *they* sought after *me* ."

Dream stepped into Tommy's personal space, "I need these things in Kinoko by next rotation."

"Too. Fucking. Bad." Tommy hissed again.

Dream grabbed Tommy's neck and lifted him up until his feet didn't touch the ground. Tommy's wings wanted to flap to right himself and take pressure off his neck but they were still trapped in the hoodie. Tommy let out a couple alarmed chirps.

Dream dropped him back into the doorway of the cargo bay again. “Listen here, you’re gonna help me get these humans to Kinoko or I’ll just have to make do with selling Fawthern instead. Far easier to get across galaxy, no bans on owning them.” Tommy shuddered but his big claw tapped the ground and his tail fell down from his hoodie, swishing a little. Dream didn’t realise Tommy was preparing a strike. “It’s your choice, Jinx.” He stepped back a little as if giving Tommy the illusion of choice.

It was a wrong move on his part, giving Tommy the space to launch himself. If his wings were free, they’d have helped his form but all Tommy needed was to sink his claws in. They pierced through scales easily though Dream had managed to put his arm up to protect his vitals.

“Ah! You little-” Dream stepped forward, jutting his claws into Tommy’s side. Unlike Tommy, Dream didn’t need armour piercing, his claws sunk into soft flesh. Tommy screeched as he tried to kick Dream again. “Maybe I should just turn you into one of my studies instead!” Dream grabbed his neck again.

Tommy let out a strangled screech as he reached both feet up, scratching the armoured plating on Dream’s chest and splitting it. Dream bared his teeth. He threw Tommy to the ground and when the young Fawthern got up, he grabbed the top of the boy’s head and his shoulder, pushing them apart enough that Dream could sink his teeth into, ripping a chunk out of Tommy’s shoulder.

Tommy screamed but stopped fighting. He dropped, his body dripping with his own blood. It was a bright red, probably similar to the humans in that way. Dream’s blood was dark, more purple and clotted quickly around Tommy’s claws. Dream kicked Tommy into the cargo hold, Tommy letting out a peep in pain.

“I’m gonna head out and find your ship. When I come back to move the crates there, I expect you to be a lot nicer to me if you don’t want that journey to be your last.” Dream slammed the door shut on Tommy.

Tommy just lay there for a couple seconds. He took a couple breaths before trying to stand. One arm curled around his side, the other curled over his shoulder. He’d rolled over to be sitting on his knees, his forehead resting on the cold ship floor.

He could hear the humans in their crates. One sounded like they were sobbing, likely still scared out of their mind. Tommy didn’t blame them. As a member of a rare species himself, he’d been where they were once or twice.

Another human was making more humming noises, likely trying to soothe the first. The one closest to Tommy was leaned forward, looking at him through the bars. Tommy turned his head to look at the human back. They had longish hair that brushed against their cheek. It was a similar shade to Tommy’s crest of feathers but a little duller. Their eyes were almost daring Tommy to get up.

“Don’t know how long he’ll be gone.” Tommy pushed himself up with one arm, keeping the other around his shoulder. He winced at any movement. “We gotta be quick.” He used his claws on his hand to pick at the lock.

Was he risking a lot by freeing them? Definitely but these were creatures capable of thought. They were bound to see each other as something akin to allies in this situation. They saw him fight their captor. Maybe they'd notice he was on their side.

The lock came undone easily and when he lifted the lid, the other two humans started chittering, muffled behind the gags. The pink haired one growled at Tommy while the other called for the blond in the crate. Ok. Maybe they didn't see Tommy as an ally. But they will once he frees them, right?

The human in the crate just watched him with that icy, analytical stare. They didn't move as he reached in with his claws even as the pink haired one slammed himself against the crate. Tommy easily cut through the bonds on the human's feet, then hands, then gag.

The human looked at him a little unsure. They tested their range of movement before slowly standing up. Tommy took a couple steps back, giving the human space. They chattered in their language, something like understanding in their eyes even if neither knew what they said to each other.

"Ok, can you tell your friends that I'm not gonna hurt them? That pink one looks like he'll gut me." Tommy nodded to the other crates. The human looked at them too, heading towards them both and talking to the humans through the bars.

Tommy crept up to the pink haired one. Aggressive or not, if Dream came back early, he needed one that would fight, not cry. He went to free them first. The pink haired one glared at him as he picked the lock and let out a growl when he reached his claws in. The freed human talked to the pink one and Tommy was quick to take his hand away and step back when he'd cut them free.

The pink one stood and stretched, stepping out of the crate and looking Tommy up and down. Tommy shifted under the glare, his feathers ruffling and tail swishing side to side. Clearly he was deemed ok because the pink haired human stood back and let the blond human fuss over him.

Tommy turned to the last crate with the anxious one in it. He felt the eyes boring into his skull as he picked the lock and he kept his movements slow, worried that if the anxious one made a sound, the others would react.

Once all three were freed, Tommy stepped back and let them all check each other over and talk to one another. They seemed close, the blond holding the other two seemed almost familial.

The heavy footsteps caught all their attention as Tommy realised Dream was back. "I'm gonna regret this later." Tommy didn't have much time to regret his actions now though when he pulled out a knife and handed it, handle first towards the most aggressive one. He figured they were the fighter of the group.

The pink haired human stared at him in disbelief before taking the knife. Tommy pointed to a couple crates that stood behind the door before he took up his own position up high on some crates on the other side of the room. The humans got the idea, hiding behind the crates.

“I hope you’ve reconsidered, Jinx.” Dream said, opening the cargo hold to find the crates empty. “Fuck.”

Tommy waited for Dream to swivel around until his back was exposed before he launched himself out at the Krakari. He grabbed onto the man’s shoulders, digging his claws into his back. He even bit around Dream’s neck, dragging his teeth over the scales.

Dream reached back, grabbing a fistful of Tommy’s head feathers and pulled the Fawthern chick up and over his shoulders before slamming him to the ground, stomping on his leg. Tommy let out a couple more peeps before the human came out from behind the crates and dug the knife into the damaged armoured plating, burying it up to the handle.

Dream hissed and fell to the ground, clutching the gold feathers that had ripped from Tommy’s head. Tommy lay there for a couple minutes, letting the pain wash over him before getting up again. He put pressure on one leg and hissed, limping. He looked at the still body of the Krakari and let out a more angry hiss.

“Don’t fuck with a jinx, did no one tell you?” He grumbled before looking up at the humans.

The blond was still holding the anxious one flat to the wall though now the threat was gone, the brunette was starting to calm a little. They still shuddered at seeing their captor and probable torturer.

“Ok, well, I’m gonna go now.” Tommy said, “uh, good luck to you but I’m about to pass out so...”

They didn’t say anything to him, just chattered amongst themselves in their own language. Tommy took that as his cue to leave and limped out of the cargo bay. Before he left the ship, he put his hood back up and hid his tail. He looked back over his shoulder at the humans.

He felt bad for just leaving them there but what else was he going to do. He couldn’t help them. He didn’t know where Dream got them from and he couldn’t even communicate with them. He was also not in the condition to help anyone right now and he needed to get back to his ship as quickly as possible before he bled out or the Krakari venom coursing through his veins took him out.

He walked through the town. It was quieter than earlier and Tommy limped along, slowly. He didn’t look at anyone, just walked tiredly in the direction of his own ship. He regretted parking so far away now but it was for safety reasons.

He stumbled over the terrain as it changed from sandy cobbles to smooth metal. “Clementine, prep the medbay.” Tommy called out to the AI.

“Medbay prepped.” A woman’s voice replied, lights glowing clover green as she spoke. Tommy staggered the whole way there only to fall at the final hurdle, right at the doorway to the medbay. He groaned, pulling his hoodie over his head to at least set his wings free.

“Can you just scan from here?” He called out.

“You must be on the scanner for a full med scan. Please sit still.”

“That’s not really my thing,” Tommy smiled wryly.

“Alert, massive blood loss detected. Please report to the medbay for treatment.”

“I’m fucking here.” Tommy groaned, “just can’t walk any more.”

“Please report to the medbay for treatment.” The AI repeated. Tommy leaned his head back against the doorway, his legs gone limp now. His eyes closed.

He thought he was hearing things when he heard footsteps. He was the only one on this ship after all. Then there were more footsteps. Multiple sets of footsteps.

“Fuck, of course I get swatted now. Fucking IGF has shit timing.” He mumbled to himself but didn’t open his eyes. He was bleeding out anyway, the officers would at least get him medical help, right? Or they could just leave him to die.

Tommy heard noises, sounding like hisses and barks and chitters. That didn’t sound like Galactic Standard. The footsteps paused beside him and he forced his eyes open and saw the humans. The blond was closest to him, crouched down in front of him, putting a hand on his uninjured shoulder. Tommy just blinked at him, wondering how they found him.

The human looked down at him and Tommy realised he was sitting in a rapidly growing puddle of blood. “Huh, guess you followed my trail.” He mumbled. The blond chittered to the other two who were staring at the medbay with looks of unease. Tommy wondered briefly if they knew what it was.

Who was he kidding? They were Dream’s science experiments. He probably used the medbay on his ship to test on them. Still, he needed their strength to get him onto the scanner. He made a chirp to get their attention.

The blond looked back at him and Tommy pointed to himself then to the bed. He tried to sit a little straighter but his strength failed him. The humans seemed to understand but they were still hesitant to enter the room. In the end, the blond picked him up, bringing him to the bed and setting him down. The pink haired human stood halfway between the bed and the door and the brunette never entered.

“Clementine, start scan.” Tommy called to the ceiling.

“Starting scan.” The AI returned before a light ran over Tommy’s body a couple times. “Scan complete.” Tommy moved the screen over so he could see it better, isolating his injuries and setting a treatment plan into the computer for the medbay to follow. “Please confirm treatment.” The AI set a prompt on the screen and Tommy pressed a button.

“Confirm.” He spoke before letting go of the button.

“Treatment confirmed.” The AI spoke before arms folded out from the sides of the bed. The humans all jumped back as the arms went about administering antiseptic and painkillers before stitching Tommy up.

Tommy closed his eyes again. “Wake me up when it’s done.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The ship is attacked by IGF and automatically sent to Sam for repairs. Tommy and the humans are all trapped together now.

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentioned injuries

Tommy came to before Clementine's warning. His feathers bristled and instincts wild.

"Alert, IGF in close proximity." Tommy looked at the arms. They'd mostly retreated but his leg was still damaged.

"Clementine, abort treatment," he said.

"Treatment aborted." The arm retracted and Tommy got up, hobbling over to the bridge. He barely acknowledged the three humans sitting in the common room as he used his wings to take some weight off his leg and to get him there faster.

"Fuck," he muttered to himself, "of fucking course. I can't rest for two minutes." He headed to the bridge, unaware that the humans had followed him in while he started up the ship, looking out to see some IGF soldiers surrounding the ship. "Clementine, engage shields."

"Engaging shi-" A flash of light shut off all the ship's functions.

"Fuck!" Tommy slammed a clawed hand on the controls. He turned and froze at the sight of the humans and then looked back at the officers. "Wait here," he pointed at the floor before heading to the engine room.

He heard a few bangs from outside, the IGF trying to force their way into the ship. Tommy had little time. He grabbed his tools and started making hashed repairs.

"Come on Clem, wake up. You were built by Samuel Nook himself, there's no way a simple EMP would fry you." Tommy pulled back the panelling to find the intricate circuit boards of the ship's AI and he scanned them for damage. After a little tinkering, the lights flickered green again.

"Rebooting."

“Alright, can you do it a bit faster? We kinda got IGF inbound and we need those shields up before they set off another EMP.”

“Shields are up,” Clementine said, “autopilot engaged.”

“Wow, wow, wow. Slow down, I haven’t done any of that.”

“Recovery protocol is in effect. Severe damage must be reported and repaired by Samuel Nook. Plotting destination now.”

“Shit, shit,” Tommy hobbled back into the bridge where a comms link was already open and Sam was staring at the three humans in wide eyed horror. “Sam! My man!” Tommy called out friendly, wings spread wide to hide the humans as if he hadn’t just been staring at them since Clementine rebooted. “How’ve you been? It’s been so long.”

“Tommy,” his voice was laden with warning. The Credrian was not happy that Tommy was housing humans on the ship he’d given him. Tommy could see the black sclera of Sam’s eyes and he ran a hand through already fluffed up green hair. It was when smoke billowed out of his nose and mouth that Tommy knew he needed to step in.

“Ok, Sam? Breathe, ok? I’m alright. These humans are alright. Everything is fine.” As if to contradict him, something slammed the ship though with not enough force to pierce the shields. It still made Tommy stumble a bit. By now though, the ship was out of reach of the IGF on the ground and had started cloaking itself to avoid any more run-ins.

“Explain,” Sam said, “now.”

Tommy sighed and sunk down in a seat, leaning back with an air of nonchalance as he recounted his near death encounter with his would-be client.

“So there was this geezer, right? And he wanted me to smuggle some cargo for him and he was all ‘oh Jinx, you’re so amazing. I’m so happy you’re coming to help me’ and all right?” He said, “and you know me, I was having none of it because big ol’ me, I don’t need all this pandering and shit.”

“Yeah, your head’s big enough as it is.” Sam huffed.

“Hey!” Tommy let out a squeak of indignation and Sam chuckled. At least there wasn’t smoke coming from his mouth now. “Anyway so he was like, ‘I got three crates, I’m not gonna tell you what’s in them but I’ll look after them. Don’t worry’ which, you know, suspicious.”

“Suspicious? You’re a smuggler, it’s always illegal shit.”

“Yeah so why the secrecy? Who the fuck am I going to tell?” Tommy threw his arms up. “So I was all like ‘nothing goes on my ship that I don’t know about’ you know, professional and shit so then he showed me the crates which had humans in them!”

“And you just... took them?”

“Technically, they followed me back.” Tommy shrugged, “had to fight my way out of the ship and they helped and they haven’t attacked me so…”

“So you think they’re safe.”

“Look, they’re a sentient species. They probably thought I wasn’t gonna experiment on them and shit so they followed me back. Is that not so hard to think about? Don’t I look friendly to you?” He crooned the last statement, giving his best friendly face.

Sam chuckled, “damn it, Toms. You’re gonna turn me grey early.”

“I make your life fun! Admit it, you love me.” Tommy mocked.

“Clementine will bring the ship back for repairs from that EMP. Try not to get yourself eaten by hungry humans.” Sam left it at that.

Tommy sighed then looked over at his new companions, “well that went well.”

The blond just looked at him, smiling a little while the brunette hunched over and the pink stared at the screen where Sam had disappeared. They were chittering to themselves, the brunette seeming to be self-soothing.

“Right, communication.” Tommy nodded, “I think I know some people.” The blond copied Tommy’s nod. Tommy opened another comm link. “Boob boy, how’ve you been?! It’s been so long.”

“What do you want?” Ranboo knew better than to know Tommy was just being social.

“Can’t I just say hi to one of my pals?” Tommy tried.

“You’d call Tubbo if you were.” Ranboo raised an eyebrow, “what do you need?”

“I need information on humans. As much as you have.”

“Uh… ok. Big ask. Why? Are you- are you ok?”

“I’m fine, Ranboob.” Tommy smiled, “just had an interesting run-in.” Ranboo let out a concerned chirp. Tommy sighed, “Ranboo, I’m gonna show you something but you can’t freak out. Ok? It’s not as bad as you think.” The voidling nodded slowly and Tommy lowered his wing, showing him the humans.

“Tommy! Are you insane?!” Ranboo yelped, letting out a couple more distressed vocalisations. Tommy’s wings drooped and he rolled his eyes. “Seriously, how did you even get them? Are they safe?”

“Well, they’re not *safe*.” Tommy shrugged, “but they did help take down the guy that attacked me and imprisoned them. I’d say this is a… mutualistic arrangement.”

“How’s it beneficial to you?”

“They stopped me bleeding out,” Tommy said, “I wouldn’t have gotten to the medbay without them.”

Ranboo lowered his head, “are you still hurt?”

“Well, something’s up with my leg but I’m good now.” Tommy nodded, letting out an awkward chirp that Tommy knew as the sound of comfort for voidlings. It quite obviously wasn’t his own vocalisation, the pitch was off to be his but he was a pretty good mimic. “I need to know as much as I can to keep them... alive. What foods they can eat, what diseases they might catch. I need a way to communicate with them too. Did the End council find out the meanings behind their vocalisations?”

“Some of them,” Ranboo nodded, “they’d made a list of vocab used by the humans and put their meanings in Galactic Standard. I could maybe get that list to Tubbo and he could try making some kind of communicator for you. How many humans are there?”

“Three.” Tommy looked back at them. The brunette was still hiding, staring at him with suspicion. The blond always watched him but never with suspicion. It was hard to explain but it almost seemed like understanding, like the blond knew what his intentions were even if the others didn’t.

“Ok. Where are you now? We can meet up.”

“Uh, Clem’s locked me out of the controls, we’re heading to Sam’s whether I want to or not.”

“It seems pretty concerning that the ship’s AI can just... lock you out of the system.”

“It’s a protocol,” Tommy explained, “she was hit with an EMP and she’s heading back for repairs.”

“Still... you should always have a choice. What if you were off the ship when it was damaged? It would have stranded you.”

“Look, we’ll talk about it later. I’m too tired and sore. And now I’ve got guests to settle in.”

Ranboo chuckled, “because you’re such an attentive host.”

“I am attentive!” Tommy puffed his feathers out, chirping in indignation. Ranboo laughed more.

“I’ll send you the files I have on what humans can eat and what requirements they have.” Ranboo smiled, “get some rest, Tommy.”

“Bye, boob boy.” Tommy smirked, waving as he ended the call. He sighed and sat for a couple seconds. Then he turned to the humans. The brunette was glaring at him, probably wondering why they were getting shown off. “Alright, I’m assuming you’re gonna hate me for this whole trip until we can communicate.”

The blond chittered to the other two. The pink haired one hummed back but the brunette didn’t lift his gaze. The blond sat forward, grabbing Tommy’s attention before they gestured

to themselves.

“Phil.” They said. Tommy tilted his head, surprised at the effort for communication. The blond gestured again, “Phil.”

“Phil?” Tommy tilted his head the other way. “Is that your name?”

The human seemed to perk up when Tommy spoke the name almost effortlessly, “Phil.” They smiled.

“You know, it’s kinda close to the Fawthern name, Philza.”

The human furrowed their eyebrows at that, not understanding why there was an extra syllable added to their name. They tried again, “Phil.”

Tommy nodded and pointed at the human, “Phil.” Tommy pointed to himself now, “Tommy.” The blond smiled wider, excited to be getting somewhere. Tommy briefly wondered if they’d ever gotten to exchange names since being away from their planet.

The pink haired human let out a mumble and Tommy turned to them now. “Techno.”

Techno didn’t have a Fawthern counterpart so the sounds were a little unfamiliar but that’s where his mimicry came into play, “Teck-no?”

The human muttered but shrugged. Phil turned to the last human. They didn’t seem like they wanted to give a name so Phil gave it for them over their protests. “Wilbur.”

“Wil-bur,” Tommy let out a trill. He smiled at them and at least Phil smiled back. He got up and waved with his wing for them to follow. “Gotta keep you somewhere, the trip to Sam’s will take a few cycles and you’re not just gonna sleep in the common room or some shit.”

Tommy opened up a darkened room but when he put the lights on, it held two sets of bunkbeds. They didn’t have any nest materials though so he headed to a supply closet that was always stuffed to the brim with blankets. His tail swished absently as he looked for the softest ones, can’t have guests with scratchy blankets to build their nests out of. Do humans build nests?

“Tommy?” Tommy looked up and saw Phil in the hallway.

“Phil,” Tommy’s wings raised in excitement as he pulled out a few blankets for them. Phil helped carry a few back to the room where Wilbur and Techno were already choosing their beds. Both decided on the top bunks.

Techno seemed rather happy with the comfort, the crates they’d been stuck in were definitely not ideal but Wilbur just looked at the comfort with suspicion and continued to direct that suspicion at Tommy.

Perhaps they’d been trapped with Dream for longer than the others to the point that all that distrust had grown and encompassed any alien they saw. Tommy figured it was that, he hoped he hadn’t done anything to upset them personally, who knows what they’d do if he had.

“Ok, well, I’m gonna go... now. To my own nest. Uh, bye.” Tommy left their doorway and went to his room. He trilled happily once in his nest, the familiar feeling of safety washing over his tired and sore bones. He’d been hobbling on his injured leg for a while but the scan only showed bruises so it was nothing serious.

Tommy curled up, his tail curling up around his body and wings wrapped around his torso. He was comfy and could finally, properly pass out. He let out one more purr-trill before falling asleep.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Wilbur gets sick and Tommy has to find a way around taking him to the medbay

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentions of injuries

Tommy woke up the next morning to the sounds of the humans wandering around. They'd taken to exploring the ship, maybe they were looking for food. Tommy sure felt his own hunger, having missed a meal last night in all the excitement.

He stretched his wings and back before leaving the warmth and safety of his nest and heading towards the sounds. They'd found the kitchen though a couple didn't look fully awake yet.

Phil was alert as they always were, searching through the cupboards for something to eat and pausing at some of the fruit in the fruit bowl. Techno yawned a couple times but was up, leaning against the cold storage and Wilbur was sat at the table, rubbing at their eyes.

Tommy let out a low twitter to warn them that he was there. He knew better than to sneak up on them. Phil turned to look at him and waved before returning to their task. Techno straightened up a little and watched him move into the room. Wilbur tensed up, looking ready to bolt if Tommy made a wrong move.

Tommy took out his holo-tab and looked for the files Ranboo sent to him. Looks like humans were omnivores too. There were a list of dangerous foods, some of which he owned so he knew he'd have to be careful. He picked up some fruit and scanned it for any dangerous substances for humans.

It was deemed human-safe so he handed it to Phil with a nod. He went about looking for other sources of breakfast for the three hungry humans, forgetting about his own hunger until after they were all eating contentedly. Well mostly, Wilbur refused the food at first.

Tommy figured they'd continue to unless he showed them that it was trustworthy so, even though he never ate something so sugary for breakfast, he ate some of the fruit that was shared around. After that, Wilbur started eating.

Phil was surprisingly trusting for someone who'd just been a lab rat. Tommy figured that maybe they'd been there the least or maybe it was just who Phil was. Techno was slightly more relaxed around him but they kept a watch of the group, taking up the protective role. It was Wilbur who was completely untrusting. They didn't look like they had the means to retaliate much but Tommy kept it in the back of his mind. They could still snap.

After breakfast, the humans wandered the ship in their tight grouping. Tommy settled into the common room, looking over all the files Ranboo had sent him. While he did, he absently started preening. He normally only preened in his nest but once he'd started, he had to finish so he continued preening in the common room, unaware of the eyes on him.

He liked to twitter as he preened, making up little songs before he felt a pang of pain near the base of one wing. He stretched it out and felt around there again, finding it to be where he'd landed when Dream had slammed him into the floor. He tried to massage it though it was a little out of reach.

Tommy sighed, leaning back against the couch in the common room before spotting Phil in the doorway. "Philza," Tommy twittered before shaking his head, "I mean, Phil. Sorry. I keep forgetting."

"Tommy," Phil nodded in acknowledgement before pointing to the wing that was hurt.

Tommy just waved dismissively, "it's fine. Just a cramp."

The human got closer though their movements were cautious as if testing the waters. Phil always had an analytical stare, looking at things rather objectively and it's likely what led all the humans to follow him home. Tommy can't say he's not grateful for it, he might have bled out if not for it but it still was slightly unnerving how his every move was under observation.

The human sat on the couch on the opposite end, the pair of them were tense, testing out each others boundaries. Don't get Tommy wrong, he knew they were sentient creatures, capable of thoughts and feelings but they were also rumoured to turn on a dime, becoming violent with seemingly no lead up. He didn't want to get too close.

This distance was fine but when Phil went any closer, Tommy's wings shifted to something more defensive. Phil noticed and stopped. The observing eye gentled slightly and they chattered something quietly before settling back on their end of the couch.

Tommy settled on his end, finding Phil to just be testing boundaries and seeing what he'd do if they were pressed. They were both sitting in silence though, unable to communicate verbally other than their own names.

A shout from down the hall got both of their attentions. "Phil!" It sounded like Techno and it sounded urgent. Tommy jumped to his feet as did Phil. Phil rushed off first and Tommy gave them space. He didn't want to rush in, not with Wilbur's distrust and Techno's protective aggression.

He stuck his head in to find Wilbur curled under some blankets. They were curled up and shivering. Was it too cold for them? No. Techno and Phil weren't shivering. Phil was leaned

over Wilbur, hand on their forehead and letting out comforting noises.

Tommy let out a questioning coo, making Techno snap their head up and stand in the space between him and Wilbur, blocking his view.

“What’s going on? Is Wilbur ok?” Tommy tilted his head.

Techno stepped forward, squaring his shoulders with a low growl and Tommy took a step back. Techno looked ready to fight and Tommy didn’t want to chance it. He thought they were ok with him. Something had to have happened between now and then.

Wilbur whimpered and moved closer to Phil, still shivering. The gesture was oddly reminiscent of Tommy snuggling closer to his mother when his mind was fuzzy from sickness. Oh Prime, were they sick?

“No, I can’t get them into the medbay, they’d never allow that.” Tommy paced in the hall, “but they need scanned to know what’s affecting them.” Why didn’t Tommy have a portable scanner? Oh, that’s right, he broke the last one. How hard could it be to build another?

Tommy stopped pacing. He had the parts, surely. He just needed a few key details about how the one in the medbay worked. Tommy rushed down the hall and into the engine room, grabbing some tools and a power source.

He paused, “Clementine, how many alts does the medbay scanner run on?”

“The medbay scanner runs on 20 alts of power.” The AI responded.

Tommy put the power source back and grabbed a more powerful one before running to the medbay. He hadn’t noticed when he ran past Techno who’d attempted to follow him and see what he was up to.

Techno stood outside the medbay, watching as Tommy stood on the bed below the scanner and started unscrewing the panelling to get at the scanner.

“Clementine, how does the medbay scanner transmit data? Is it wireless?”

“The scanner transmits through a wired connection to the medbay’s holo-tab.”

“Ok, so I need a medbay holo.” Tommy muttered as he pulled the scanner part down, finding it to be connected by two wires. One green and one red. “Hey, Clem, which wire is for power?”

“The power is the red wire.”

“And the green is connected to the holo-tabs?” Tommy asked, sighing when he got no response. “Clementine! Is the green wire connected to the holo-tabs?!”

“Yes.”

“Thank you!” Tommy cut both wires, pulling the scanner out. He grabbed one of the holo-tabs that was fixed to the wall, cutting their wires to take both components to a workshop.

When he went to leave, he saw Techno standing in the doorway, watching him. They seemed a bit shocked when Tommy noticed, both not expecting to have to explain away their actions with nothing but gestures to communicate.

Tommy lifted the holo-tab and the scanner components, “for Wilbur.” He held the scanner and mimed moving it up and down like it was scanning. Techno folded their arms but Tommy didn’t know what that meant so he just inched around them and into the workshop.

Tommy wasn’t *the* handiest but he’d worked under Samuel Nook for long enough that he knew how to improvise. The portable scanner was simple. A power source, an input scanner and a processor and output in the form of the holo-tab. Luckily the software needed for identifying medical problems was already on it because Tommy was absolutely shit at coding.

He just needed to solder the wires to connect the components in the right place. He’d thankfully given himself plenty of slack with the wires as the scanner would likely need to be moved over Wilbur and it would be far easier without a big power cell swinging in their face.

Once Tommy was finished, he decided to test it on himself, almost blinding himself when he forgot to close his eyes. “Fuck,” Tommy shook his head, blinking back his vision.

He heard a noise that sounded like a Zimbig snort and he looked to see that Techno had seen him do that. They had a small smile on their face and they were leaned rather casually in the doorway of the workshop as opposed to the stiffness at the medbay. Tommy figured they have no good experience of that room.

“Are you laughing at me?” He twittered. Techno didn’t respond, obviously, but their amused grin grew.

Tommy looked down at his craftsmanship and found that the power cell was completely drained after one scan. Tommy groan and went back to the engine room to look over his choices of power cells. How big did he need?

“Clementine, how many alts do the medbay scanner and holo-tabs use up together?”

“Together, they use 40 alts of power.”

“40 alts?!” Tommy huffed and grabbed the biggest power cell he had and returned, changing it out for the drained one. He tested it again, remembering to close his eyes.

It worked, the holo-tab displayed the results of the scan, including the bruised muscle on his wing and leg and the stitches that were still fresh. It also shows a heap of older injuries too. Prime, he needed a bath too. He was so caught up with caring for the humans that he didn’t realise he was still bloody.

“Ok. It works, we just need to see what’s making Wilbur sick now,” he looked at Techno. Techno narrowed their eyes at the device but moved away from the door, towards their room. Once there though, they didn’t let Tommy any closer. “Come on, you saw me make it. You’re bound to know I don’t mean any harm with it.”

Techno grunted and let out a low growl when Tommy got closer. Tommy handed the portable scanner to Techno, showing them the button they needed to press to activate it then pointed at Wilbur. He stood back after doing so.

Techno glared but deemed him to be at a safe enough distance to leave the doorway and talk to Phil. Tommy watched them look over the device before Phil took it. Wilbur whined when Phil moved back but the human made more comforting noises.

“Tommy!” Tommy jumped at the sound of his name being called from the bridge. It sounded like Sam. “Why is Clementine telling me you’re taking apart the medbay?” That was definitely Sam.

“Clementine, you snitch!” Tommy huffed and rushed to the bridge, “heeey, Sam. How’ve you been?”

“When I gave you this ship, I didn’t mean for you to take it apart whenever you wish!”

“Actually, you gave me no instruction on what to do other than keep it functioning. I needed to make the scanner portable.”

“Why?”

“One of the humans, they’re sick and I can’t get them into the medbay.”

“What’s wrong with the medbay?”

“They’ve been treated like science experiments, Sam. They were tortured there.” Tommy’s wings raised and feathers puffed out, “you gave me this ship as payment. As long as it continues to function, I should be allowed to take apart some things in here without you telling me off.” Tommy folded his arms, accidentally copying what he’d seen Techno do just prior.

Sam raised an eyebrow at the gesture. “Ok, fine. It’s your ship now, just be careful, some things are more wired into the life support systems than you think.”

“I didn’t just cut random wires, man. I know what I’m doing.”

“Tommy.” Tommy turned and saw Phil standing with the portable scanner.

Tommy took it, looking over the information. “Clementine, use the files Ranboo sent to synthesis a human-safe antidote for Krakari venom.”

“Krakari?” Sam asked. “Who did you get them from?”

Tommy shrugged and looked at the screen, “some guy named Dream.”

Sam stiffened, “and- and what happened to Dream?”

“We killed him. Self-defence and all, he fucking took a chunk out of my shoulder.”

Sam nodded, “ok, ok. Yeah, and did *you* get the antidote?”

“Of course I did, I got it while I was getting stitched up.”

“Alright, fine. Ok. I’ll let you get back to... whatever you’re doing.” Sam ended the call abruptly and Tommy just stared at the screen where he’d disappeared.

“Well that wasn’t suspicious at all,” Tommy muttered then looked back at the scan. The scan showed extensive signs of abuse, bones broken and healed, surgical scars and even a couple amputated toes and fingers. Tommy grimaced. Wilbur’s distrust was well earned.

“Synthesis complete,” Clementine said.

Tommy headed back to the medbay now, Phil close behind him. Phil stopped at the door but Tommy only grabbed the antidote and some antiseptic wipes and headed out again. He was stopped at the door to the bedroom again by Techno and Phil also got in his way.

Tommy handed the wipes and antidote over, showing them the site of injection on his arm and where to wipe down the skin. He prayed that they understood the antidote and would administer it without complaint.

Techno held the automatic injector and turned it over in their hands. Then they growled something lowly to Phil before lunging at Tommy. Tommy shrieked as he was pinned to the wall before the injector was placed on his neck and shot.

Tommy shivered as the liquid was cooler for him. It was supposed to be optimal temperature for humans but Tommy had a higher body temperature. Tommy held his neck where he’d been shot up but Techno stood back now, staring at him, daring him to do something.

Phil was talking to them, something low and warning but they hadn’t stopped Techno. They looked at Tommy now, eyes back to being analytical.

“Why would I poison you with an injection? That’s so obvious, I’d put it in your food or some shit!” Tommy took a look at the injector. Yep. It was all gone. Tommy sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose, “Clementine, synthesis another batch.” He headed to the medbay again. Phil followed, watching Tommy take the antidote again and hand it off to Techno. “Don’t inject me with it this time.” Tommy took a few more steps back, putting plenty of distance should Techno try it again.

Luckily, this time, Techno gave it to Wilbur after Phil must have confirmed he’d got it from the same place. They cleaned Wilbur’s arm then injected them, the human whimpering more. Tommy stole an antiseptic wipe from them, wiping down the injection site after the fact as a not so subtle ‘you could have killed me’ message. Phil looked a little guilty but Techno just huffed, guarding the doorway.

“Ok, I’ll leave you alone now. They should only need one dose, which is great because I don’t think I can handle that again.” Tommy huffed and headed to his room. “Clementine, that’s not gonna fuck me up is it?”

“Fawthern and Humans have similar internal biochemistry. The antidote shouldn’t cause any lasting damage.”

“Ok good.” Tommy slid to his floor with a sigh. He wanted to just head to his nest and sleep but he needed to eat and he needed to make the humans food.

He groaned but got up, deciding to actually cook a more filling meal than just fruit. Maybe he’d actually feel hungry if he put effort into it. So he went, looking through his foods to make sure it was all human safe. Generally, humans could eat similar foods to Fawthern which was handy for Tommy but every now and then, he’d reach for something and have to stop himself from adding a certain ingredient or spice.

At some point, the smell must have reached the humans because Phil came to investigate. Tommy was dishing up food into some bowls and putting them on a tray with cutlery and water. Tommy only spotted Phil when he turned around and nearly dropped the stuff when he saw them. He let out an embarrassing sounding chirp.

He put the tray down and sighed, putting a hand over his face, “Phil. Philza, my man. Don’t do that.”

“Tommy.”

Tommy looked back at him and Phil was smiling widely. “You smug bastard.” Tommy huffed then picked the tray up again. He’d already dished his up too though it was left at the table. Phil looked at it for a second before following Tommy into the hall.

Tommy’s tail swished at the thought of being near the humans again so soon after he was basically attacked even if he figured they wouldn’t attack him for bringing them food. Still, his tail curled around his leg and his wings tucked tight into his back.

He faced Techno with his head up and chest puffed despite the obvious signs of fear, tucking away limbs that could be pulled. The humans didn’t know what that meant. At least Tommy didn’t think so, Phil’s staring made it seem like they did. Techno accepted the tray and Phil chattered to him. While they talked, Tommy went away again.

He went back to his rapidly cooling soup at the kitchen and zoned out as he ate. He wasn’t one for eating much, especially these days but he felt a pair of eyes on him like they were making sure he was eating and he needed the humans to know the food was safe. He’d rather not have Techno or Phil jump out and force feed him.

Tommy rubbed at his face with a groan. It’s not that he didn’t chose his lonely life but that didn’t mean he had to enjoy it. It’s why he hated eating, it reminded him of the empty dinner table around him and that was just depressing. Usually he took snacks and ate while he did something but there wasn’t much to do since Clementine locked him out of the controls.

Well, he took a few more spoonfuls, making it a task to finish at least half of the bowl before dumping the rest and going for that much needed bath. He couldn't submerge himself in water or his feathers would lose the oils needed to be waterproof. Instead, he took a cloth and scrubbed the blood off his feathers. While he was there, he started preening in the mirror.

Red is probably what his feathers looked like if they were properly cared for. Instead, they were a dull rust colour. It's not completely Tommy's fault since he didn't know all about feather care but his lacklustre upkeep of what he did know wasn't doing him any favours. Unfortunately, being part of an endangered and highly trafficked race meant he didn't have many people to turn to to ask about this kind of thing.

Tommy shook the water out of his wings and sighed, getting dressed again before leaving the bathroom. He nearly bumped into Techno who just sort of stood there for a bit and stared at him.

"You good?" Tommy asked, trying not to make his tail curl around his leg like a scared chick. Techno had the tray in their hands and they just blinked before heading to the kitchen. "Ok." He looked back at the door where he heard mumbling. He walked over and saw Phil leaned over Wilbur, talking lowly to them.

Wilbur seemed a little better. They weren't shivering and whimpering as much though they also weren't up on their feet again. They seemed tired which is understandable. Tommy's dealt with Krakari venom before and it can really fuck you up if you don't get an antidote fast enough.

Tommy's shoulders relaxed on seeing the change in the sick human though and his tail uncurled from its position at his ankle. He decided to leave before Techno caught him in the doorway and scared him off. He didn't notice Techno was already watching him from down the hall. He went back to his room for the night.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Tommy lands at Sam's and Tubbo and Ranboo greet him with the translators. A lot of worldbuilding in this chapter

Tommy liked Sam. Ok. Tommy liked Sam. He was a cool dude but he's just so FUCKING INFURIATING.

"I'm not just gonna lock them in their room, for fuck sake!" Tommy yelled at the screen where the Credrian was pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Why not?"

"They're not ANIMALS, SAM!!" The Fawthern's wings fluffed out, "I'M NOT GONNA TREAT THEM LIKE PETS!!"

Tommy's yelling had brought the humans out of their room and to the bridge. Tommy continued to hiss and swear at Sam like they weren't there. Truth be told, he didn't know they were there until Sam pointed them out.

"Tommy, just be careful, ok? They can hurt you."

"So can you," Tommy shot back, still seething. It was a low blow and one he knew hurt because of the reputation of the Credrian's species but right now, he was too mad to regret it.

"So then what do we do with them while we're repairing the ship? They can't be in my workers' way."

"They'll come off the ship with me," Tommy huffed.

"No, you can't just have them wander off."

"They followed me through a busy market town, I think they can follow me down a few empty halls to my room. Besides, I'm meeting Tubbo and Ranboo for some translators, I need them with me."

"Ok, fine. I'll tell my workers to keep out of the halls while you lead them to your room but Tommy? If they wander off and threaten any of my staff, I will protect my people over them."

"Got it." Tommy said before hanging up. He let out a long breath, mentally flattening his feathers before turning to the humans. He had to be calm around them, they didn't need his

anger directed at them. “Hey, guys? Gals? I don’t know your genders so I’m just gonna say people.”

None of them answered, obviously. Wilbur was looking better. They were up now though using Phil for support. Techno just glared at Tommy, not too happy about seeing his anger though the glare was gentling as they figured the anger had passed.

“Ok, so, how to get you off the ship. Right. Don’t suppose I can just...” Tommy waved with his wing and started walking. When he looked back, the humans were following dutifully, “ok, good.” He opened the door and the humans all stood back, staring out suspiciously.

Wilbur stumbled back a little, letting out worried noises. Phil took their arm to reassure them. Tommy figured he’d have to lead by example and walked on out. He looked back again but the humans hadn’t left. He let out a questioning coo, tilting his head.

Techno was the first to stick their head out and look around. They scanned the hanger but it was empty like Sam said it would be. Still, Techno did a once over before speaking to the others.

It was when they started creeping out that the door to the hanger opened. Tommy was about to yell at whatever worker had wandered in when they weren’t supposed to when he spotted a familiar looking Ovec instead.

“Tommy!” He rushed over and Tommy wanted to smile but he saw the Ovec lower his head, horns at the ready.

“Wow, Tubbo, big man. I’ve got STITCH-” Tommy didn’t get to finish as Tubbo headbutted his stomach. Tommy wrapped his wings around the teen anyway.

His horns weren’t big enough to hurt though the force winded him a little. Tubbo’s short, fluffy tail was wagging crazily and Tommy couldn’t help but giggle at it while his own tail twirled around Tubbo’s ankle. Tubbo’s first set of arms wrapped around Tommy’s neck while the second set wrapped around his middle.

“Good to see you too, Tubs.” Tommy’s wings completely hid the Ovec from view and the humans were completely forgotten about even if they were watching from the ship’s door.

“Tommy! Never stay away for that long again, we missed you!” Tubbo pulled away to shake Tommy a little.

Tommy chuckled, “I know, I know, I had a couple jobs run on a little long and then that Dream guy contacted me about heading to Kinoko, thought since it was close I’d take that then head to Snowchester to see you.” Tommy rambled through his thoughts and Tubbo just let him.

“Mimi!” Tommy perked up at the young voice and saw the tiny Zimbig in Ranboo’s arms. They were definitely bigger than the last time Tommy had seen them, with longer pink hair that was partially braided and bright green eyes.

Ranboo smiled softly, placing the child on the ground where their hooves clopped on the metal. They still ran and Tommy's eyes widened. Without thought, he let Tubbo go and crouched down, holding his arms out wide for the shoat to run into. Once they had, Tommy picked them up and held them over his head.

"Michael, oh, my man. Look how big you've got, you're gonna be as big as me soon."

The Zimbig squealed at being up so high before Tommy held them to his hip, nuzzling them close. They let out the most adorable giggles while Tommy fussed over them.

"And your hair's getting long too," he smiled.

"Yeah, we decided to stick to Zimbig culture and not cut it." Ranboo said, "it just seemed wrong to do so."

"I mean, it's also part of *your* culture, Ranboo." Tubbo pointed out.

"In *my* culture, it's believed I belong to my parents, no matter the age so I can't do what I want with my own body," Ranboo rolled his eyes, "in Zimbig, it's a divine oath of strength."

"He's just saying, it *would* feel wrong to you," Tommy said, "besides, they look great with long hair." Tommy nuzzled Michael again.

"Anyway, where are the humans? I want to see them! I've got the translators and they've got a pretty cool learning algorithm on them because the list of words Ranboo gave me was pretty sparse."

"Well, they were about to come out until you ran in so I think you've scared them back." Tommy started walking towards the ship, not realising the humans were just right inside watching them all from the shadows.

"Tommy, you're limping." Ranboo teleported to beside Tommy now.

"Relax, Ranboob. It's just some bruising. Got it in a fight with my last client."

"Still, you shouldn't be walking on it. Listen, I can-" Ranboo was interrupted by a wing in his hair. Ranboo was taller than Tommy by a lot so it was a stretch to reach up and put his wing on top of his head but Ranboo unconsciously hunched down when he did which made it a little easier.

It always silenced Ranboo as it was some instinctual thing about hiding in shadows. Tommy didn't like to admit it but they were all still young. Tubbo was still a kid, Tommy was still a chick and Ranboo was a voidling.

His species, the Ghasper, lived on a completely dark planet with their sun being too far away for much heat or light. As such, they had the best night vision of any species Tommy had ever known. However, Ranboo, being one of the few Ghasper that left their planet, had a hard time coping to light and heat and even now, preferred shade from anywhere he could get it, which right now was hiding under Tommy's wing like a scared fledgling.

Tommy did the same for Tubbo but less to ease a lifetime of habitual fear and more to include him in the group display of affection. Tubbo melted into it as if he'd been starved of touch his whole life... oh wait.

The humans got emboldened by the obvious affection Tommy showed for the group, seeing them as safe but Techno was the first one out, testing to see how the others would react. Tubbo hopped excitedly and made a dart towards the humans but Tommy pulled him back.

"Tubbo, careful. They don't know you're just excited." He scolded.

Tubbo pouted, "but I've never seen a human before."

"Yeah, well, they don't like fast movement, ok?" Tommy warned, "look from afar."

Tubbo sighed, "fine."

Techno untensed when Tubbo backed off and they turned their attention to Ranboo. Ranboo hadn't moved from under Tommy's wing and had actually sunk more into it, holding his tail in his hands and away from any cruel touch.

Tommy's tail curled around Ranboo's waist and pulled him close though he'd never admit to it. He was just making sure Ranboo didn't bolt, ok?

Techno looked over the group then said something over their shoulder. Phil and Wilbur walked out after that. Phil walking in front of Wilbur. Phil looked over the group too with that same analytical stare.

Ranboo let out a whimper at being under such harsh stares, usually the type of species that camouflaged in the dark, away from prying eyes and Tommy let out a comforting coo before he could stop himself. Ranboo didn't say anything, hiding in the blanket of feathers offered but Tubbo certainly noticed.

"You softy," Tubbo grinned.

"Fuck off," Tommy shot back.

Tubbo chuckled and opened the door to the hall, "come on. Sam's gotta repair the ship. We can continue this in your room." Tommy nodded and looked back at the humans, gesturing with his wing to follow.

The hallways were empty, like requested and the walk to Tommy's room was short. The humans hesitated at the door and Techno did their usual scan before walking in, Phil and Wilbur following.

Once in, Tubbo set the translators on the table they all sat around. Tommy raised an eyebrow, "why are there four?"

"For the learning algorithm, weren't you listening?" Tubbo huffed and picked one up, "in order to learn the language better, it listens to the words of the person wearing it." Tubbo placed it on his ear. "Then it connects with the other devices to share the information. It's got

some words already on it but it needs both speakers of human language and Galactic Standard to pair words and meanings.”

Tubbo took off the device and gave it to Tommy. Tommy placed it on his ear. It attached like any regular earpiece with a mic that reached halfway around his cheek to listen to what he spoke. “Cool.”

“They also act as comm devices. Nothing too strong. They won’t be very long range but certainly around the ship and maybe in busy markets.” Tubbo smirked, “so what do you think?”

“I think I’ll need to see if it works first.” Tommy pushed the other devices to the humans. They looked at them suspiciously until Tommy showed off the one he was wearing.

Phil picked one up and looked at it, the other humans both protested but Phil said something to them both. Carefully, they put the translator to their ear.

“Hello?” Tommy asked and Phil startled, nearly dropping the device.

“What the fuck?!” Phil yelped.

Tommy smiled, “of course you put swears into the vocab,” he looked at Tubbo.

“I know how much you swear. They’ve gotta understand you somehow.”

“How- how the fuck?” Phil’s eyes were wide.

“It’s ok, calm. Is it working?” Tubbo asked.

Techno and Wilbur were both chittering to Phil and they looked back at them wide eyed. “I think it’s a translator,” they said.

“Yup, I asked Ranboo if he knew enough of your language to make a translator,” Tommy said.

Phil’s brow furrowed, “my what?”

“Language?” Tommy looked at Tubbo now.

“The translator is still learning. It knows some things but the more you both speak with it, the more it can learn and pair meanings.” Tubbo explained.

“Ok, so- waw, this is so weird.” Phil blinked.

“I know, we might be the first ones to actually speak to a human,” Tubbo looked at Tommy, “why are you not more excited about this?!”

Tommy chuckled, “calm down, Tubs.”

“Ok, so who are you then? We know Tommy’s name but not yours.”

“Waw, you told them your real name? Not Jinx?”

“I only use Jinx when I’m working,” Tommy rolled his eyes, “this is Tubbo.”

“Tubbo.” Phil nodded.

“And Ranboo,” Tommy lifted his wing slightly where the voidling was hiding. They let out an unhappy chirrup at the disruption. Phil furrowed his eyebrows at the noise. “Don’t mind that, he just likes to hide. It’s an instinct thing.”

“Ok so, Tubbo, Ranboo and...?” Phil looked at the Zimbig that was starting to fall asleep in Tommy’s arms. They’d taken a couple fistfuls of feathers and curled up in his other wing.

“This is Michael,” Tommy smiled as the Zimbig grumbled sleepily. “They’re Tubbo and Ranboo’s child.” Phil smiled softly at that. By now, curiosity had gotten the better of the other two humans and they also picked up the translators.

“What are your names?” Tubbo asked, trying to sit still but excitement was getting the better of him.

“I’m Phil.” Phil introduced themselves.

“Oh, like Philza!” Tubbo looked at Tommy.

“I know, that’s what I said.”

“You’ve called me that a couple times. What is that?”

“It’s a traditional Fawthern name.”

“Fawthern?” Phil tilted their head.

“That’s my species,” Tommy explained, “I’m a Fawthern. We tend to have two names, one for everyday use and a traditional name used for ceremonies and between flock members.”

“Huh,” Phil shrugged then looked to the other humans.

“I’m Techno.” Techno introduced.

“Hmm, doesn’t sound familiar to anything,” Tubbo said before Michael perked up.

“Teck-o,” they said.

“You recognise it?” Tommy looked down at the shoat.

“Oh yeah, Technoblade, one of the Zimbig warriors.” Ranboo perked up from under Tommy’s wing, straightening up while he spoke and letting Tommy lower his wing.

“Bwood!” Michael yelped.

Tommy chuckled, “ah yes, the most concerning first words for any parent.”

“Unless they’re Zimbig.” Ranboo held his arms out and Michael reached for him.

“True,” Tommy nodded, handing the shoat off. Finally, they looked at the last human.

“I’m Wilbur,” Wilbur said.

“Hi,” Tubbo bounced on the spot, “oh this is so exciting. I have so many questions. What’s Sol-10 like? How did you get out here? Are you actually persistence hunters or is that a myth?”

“Tubbo,” Tommy warned, “seriously, we just got translators.”

“What’s Sol-10?” Phil asked.

“Your home planet,” Tubbo explained.

“Earth?”

“Earth?” Tubbo wrinkled his nose, “like dirt? Do you call your planet dirt?”

“To be fair, I call my planet Home.” Tommy said. “Not whatever stupid identifier IGF use.”

“IGF?” Techno raised an eyebrow.

“Intergalactic Federation.” Tubbo explained.

“Dickheads.” Tommy expanded upon.

“You just don’t like them because you’re a smuggler,” Tubbo rolled his eyes.

“No, I don’t like them because it’s still fucking legal to own and sell Fawthorn because they’re too fucking lazy to call us sentient.” Tommy huffed.

The humans looked between each other and Phil took a breath, “ok, this is a lot of information. Can you explain? Also what’s *sentient*?”

“Capable of thoughts and emotions,” Tubbo said.

“Oh, sentient.” Phil nodded now, translator having paired the two words together now.

“See, translator’s learning.” Tubbo smiled proudly.

“Yeah, ok. Well, the IGF is like the overarching government for the whole universe.” Tommy explained, “planets have their own governing bodies but there are certain rules they have to follow in regards to sentient species. They decide what’s considered sentient.”

“Humans kinda fast tracked their sentient status because they kept crashing ships that abducted them and causing chaos,” Tubbo explained.

“Yeah, my species doesn’t have their sentient status yet so I can legally be sold.” Tommy rolled his eyes, “but you guys can’t. That’s why Dream wanted me to smuggle you.”

“Dream, is that the alien that had us?” Wilbur asked.

Tommy nodded, “real prick. Threatened to sell me at Kinoko if I didn’t smuggle you guys.”

“So why didn’t you?” Techno narrowed their eyes.

“Look, I’m a smuggler, doesn’t mean I don’t have fucking morals. Ok? I don’t smuggle sentient species against their will.”

“Yeah, we have to seek him out,” Tubbo leaned back against Tommy’s nest.

“He smuggled you off your planets?” Phil gestured between Tubbo and Ranboo.

“Yup,” Tubbo nodded. “My dad was an alcoholic president so I wasn’t really safe hiding *on* planet. He could always make some calls to find me.”

“I was part of the royal family on my home planet,” Ranboo said.

“Yes, *Prince* Ranboo,” Tommy smirked.

“Um, mister pilot, sir. My name is not Ranboob. You must refer to me as either ‘your highness’ or ‘Prince Ranboo’.” Tubbo spoke in a posh accent, clearly mocking.

Ranboo groaned, “I know, I know. It was all the royal training, ok? It was drilled in deep.”

“Not deep enough for the 16th in line to the throne, thank fuck.” Tommy huffed. “It was like someone had shoved a great big stick right up your-”

“Tommy, there’s a child here.” Ranboo interrupted. Phil chuckled.

“What do you want with us now?” Wilbur asked, looking at Tommy.

“Huh?” Tommy tilted his head because genuinely, he had no plan after finding a way to talk to them.

“You got us translators, clearly you want *something* .”

“Well I’d rather not be pinned against a wall and injected next time one of you gets sick,” Tommy shot a look at Techno.

“I wasn’t gonna give something to Wilbur if it was dangerous.”

“You’re lucky we have similar internal biology.” Tommy huffed, “just because it’s *human* safe doesn’t mean it’s also *Fawthern* safe. You could have killed me.”

“You didn’t answer my question,” Wilbur said.

“I don’t want shit, ok? *You* followed *me* to my ship then the IGF showed up and caused enough damage to the ship to initiate recovery protocol and bring it here for repairs!”

“I still think an AI shouldn’t have the ability to lock you out of the controls,” Ranboo said, “you got lucky with the humans. What if it was something that actually wanted to kill you that got on and you were stuck with.”

“Then I’d just haunt Sam for the rest of his life,” Tommy shrugged and smirked when Ranboo sighed tiredly. Tommy straightened up, “I guess though, you guys are going to need a lift back to Earth.”

“You’d do that?” Phil asked, less hopeful and more analytical, like they were waiting for a no.

“That depends, Tubbo? Where is it?”

“You’re not gonna like this, king.” Tubbo pulled out his holo, projecting the star map. “Right in the middle of Ghasper territory.”

“I got through it before, undetected.”

“Yeah well,” Tubbo zoomed in on a group of ships, “this is the entrance to their galaxy.”

“Those are Ghasper military ships, meant to keep poachers out of the galaxy, their radar would be far better than the ones you snuck past last time.” Ranboo said. “Nothing goes in there without their say so.”

“Ok, how about if I got a Ghasper ship? Pretend to be studying Earth from afar.”

“You’d need top level clearance from a royal.” Tommy looked at Ranboo with a pout. “No, *my* clearance won’t work. I’ve been missing for two rotations, they’d definitely attack and capture you if you did.”

“Ok so no sneaking past and no disguise...” Tommy sighed, “alright... the legal way? We’ve got three humans outside of their universe, there were programs for relocating humans, right?”

“When there were hundreds of them out in the universe and mass panic about the newly declared sentence of an aggressive species. Three humans that the IGF don’t know about?” Tubbo raised an eyebrow, “they’d be scooped up in seconds.”

“Even if the IGF know about them, it’s only trustworthy when everyone is looking.” Ranboo said, “if they came quietly... who knows what would happen to them.”

Tommy sighed, “is there *any* way around that blockade?”

“You could try forcing your way in,” Tubbo tried.

“Against Ghasper military?” Ranboo let out an alarmed chirp, “even if by some miracle that worked, it certainly won’t on the reinforcements.”

“Can I jinx the ships?” Tommy asked.

“Nope, closed network.” Tubbo said, “unless you sneak into the palace, upload the virus onto the network, get out and rush to get past the blockade before their server neutralises it. It would give you a window of about- hm- 18.2 mins.”

“Not enough time.” Tommy sighed.

“No, and you’d probably have a very painful public execution.” Tubbo looked at Ranboo, “right?”

“Oh, they’d probably want to know how you made it through their defences with me on board, so it would probably be more like painful torture before public execution.”

“You sure are popular,” Techno said.

“What can I say? Government sucks and I’ve made a habit out of sneaking officials off of their planets. I mean, Niki? Eret? You guys?” He gestured to Tubbo and Ranboo.

“Alright, so you can’t get us back home?” Phil said, “do you know someone who can?”

Tommy paused and thought over the people he knew personally, ones that he knew would never hurt them. He paused at the thought of another Fawthern. Another Fawthern that he’d helped and that could sympathise with the humans’ situation.

“I might know someone...” he looked at Tubbo, “would Big Q help?”

“He’s got connections everywhere so, maybe.” Tubbo shrugged, “it’s a big journey though so you should probably stock up while you’re here.”

“Yeah, got it.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Phil and Wilbur get kidnapped at the market. Tommy and Techno team up to save them

Chapter Notes

Tw: violence and injuries

The market was not fun with three humans in tow. Tommy couldn't bring his guard down for a second, some people got too close, others gave plenty of room. Tommy almost felt claustrophobic.

Tubbo's feature for short distance comms on the translators really came in handy here as the market got more busy and Tommy nearly lost track of the humans.

"Stick close, there'll be some proper wrong'uns here." He said, spotting Techno's bright pink hair in the crowd. Techno was looking around frantically into the crowd and he was alone. "Fuck."

Techno turned to him, "I lost them."

"Phil? Wilbur?" Tommy held his comms. No response. "Shit."

"I can't see them," Techno's shoulders tensed and he started to panic.

"Hang on," Tommy lifted his head and sniffed. He sniffed a few times, taking in Techno's scent to remind himself about the other two, "this way." He led the way through the market but it was difficult following two scents in a sea of thousands.

"Tommy!" Tommy looked up but it was just Tubbo and Ranboo. Tubbo stopped in front of them, "I saw Phil and Wilbur, they were being dragged away."

"Where?" Techno stepped forward now.

"This way." Tubbo led them through the crowd towards the outskirts where a ship was docked, packing up cargo. Phil and Wilbur were sat on a box, tied back to back. Wilbur was breathing heavily and Phil was leaned back against him, trying to keep him calm.

Tommy hissed lowly at the sight of blood on the older man. Yes. Man. Because Tommy knows they're all men now. Techno let out his own grumbles at the sight of his family.

"Alright, what's the plan?" Ranboo asked.

Tommy pointed across the clearing, "I'll come in from the back." He pointed to Tubbo and Ranboo, "you two come in from the sides."

"What about Michael?" Ranboo looked down at the young child in his arms.

"Michael, you be lookout, ok?" Tommy took Michael and climbed a tree.

"Ok," Michael smiled, seeing the spectacle from a good vantage.

"Should the kid be watching this?" Techno asked.

"I mean, he'd be watching tournaments bloodier than this if he were back on his planet," Tubbo shrugged.

"Techno, I'm gonna cause a distraction over there. When they start running to it, you head for Wilbur and Phil and protect them." Tommy instructed.

"Are we killing *all* of them?" Tubbo asked, more curious than burdened by any conscience.

"Keep one alive, I've got a message to send." Tommy said, similar level of business as usual. Techno would have been worried about how easily all three just accepted killing about ten or more aliens if it weren't for the fact his family was hurt and sitting in the middle. Techno nodded and got into position, mentally planning his route to Phil and Wilbur while the others split up.

Techno waited for far too long, wondering when this distraction would happen. He saw Ranboo to his left picking off a couple aliens that got too far away from their group.

A giggle reminded Techno of the child in the tree above him, "get weady." They sang, gleefully.

A huge explosion made Techno jump and fire erupted from Tommy's end of the camp. Techno was a little too low down to see just what was happening in the other areas but luckily, Michael was being a good lookout.

"Go, go." They said.

Techno went out, not encountering any aliens on his side while the others all moved in. He got to Phil and Wilbur quickly and started cutting them free.

"I'm now scared of children, Phil. That Michael kid is sitting in a tree, laughing while the others are killing people." Techno muttered, cutting the rope with his knife. "Are you ok? Are you hurt?"

“I’m fine, Techno,” Phil waved dismissively, wiping away some blood. “It was a hit over the head but I’m good, not dizzy or anything.”

“Look out!” Wilbur yelled and Techno turned, stabbing an alien in the gut. He’d almost surprised himself at how quickly and deeply he’d buried the knife. The alien fell down immediately.

The fighting died down. Tubbo and Ranboo coming over with a prisoner while Tommy dealt with the last on his end. When he arrived, Tubbo pushed the prisoner towards Tommy.

“One alive, as requested,” he chirped happily.

Tommy smiled before turning to the prisoner. They had their hands tied behind their back and they stumbled to keep their balance. Tommy ripped his claws across their face, the force of it making them fall to the ground.

“These humans are part of *my* crew,” he hissed lowly, “you mess with them, you mess with *me*. Got it?” His voice was harsher than the humans had ever heard it, wings spread out aggressively. He placed a foot on the alien’s shoulder, tapping lightly with his killing claw.

The alien whimpered but nodded. “Yes, it won’t happen again, Jinx.”

“Good. If this *does* happens again, there will be *no* survivors.” Tommy cut the rope and pulled the alien to their feet, “now go.” The alien took off running.

“What do you mean we’re part of your crew?” Wilbur stood now, squaring his shoulders and attempting to keep his voice from wobbling so much. He was still calming down from the kidnapping attempt.

“It’s for safety, people don’t fuck with me so if they think we’re all buddies, they’re not gonna fuck with you either.”

“It’s the perks of having a dangerous friend.” Ranboo teleported back with Michael in his arms. Michael cheered.

“We’re not friends!” Wilbur hissed out.

“I didn’t say we were,” Tommy shot back, “we just need them to think we are so you don’t get kidnapped again.”

“Wilbur, it’s fine.” Phil said, still sitting down, holding his head. “They called you Jinx.”

“It’s my smuggler name.”

“Why Jinx?” Phil tilted his head, “not sure if it’s translating right but for us, jinx is usually some curse or inconvenience.”

“Oh, Tommy’s an inconvenience alright,” Tubbo chuckled, “as part of a highly trafficked species, he’s had his fair share of kidnappings. He made a name of wrecking each ship that tried. It’s why he’s called Jinx.” Tubbo grinned and looked at Tommy.

“Let’s just get out of here. Hopefully Sam will have finished the repairs and we can head to Las Nevadas already.” Tommy huffed and headed back towards Sam’s place.

The ship was restocked, refuelled and ready to head off. Sam was quiet as he reported the fixes to Tommy, including the medbay scanner that he’d taken apart.

“You ok, Sam?” Tommy tilted his head.

“Yeah, I’m good. Just… Tommy?” Sam put a hand on his shoulder, “I care about you, ok? I don’t want to see you get hurt. Just be careful, ok?”

“Ok, big man.”

“You promise?”

“I promise.” Tommy nodded.

“Ok.” Sam took his hand away and left.

Tommy watched him leave then looked at Tubbo and Ranboo. “Ok, that’s not just me, right? That was weird.”

“I mean, Sam sort of acts like a dad to everyone,” Ranboo shrugged, “maybe he’s just worried because there’s humans on your ship.”

Tommy sighed, “alright. I’ll talk to you guys later after I’ve talked to big Q.”

“Ok, see ya, Tommy.”

“Ba bye, Mimi.” Michael waved.

“Don’t I get a hug?” Tommy held his arms out. Michael giggled and reached for him. Tommy threw them up in the air and caught them as they squealed and laughed. Finally he hugged them. “See ya later, squirt.”

“Later. You no forget!”

“I won’t forget.” Tommy smiled and nuzzled the shoat once more before handing them back to Ranboo. “Bye.”

“Goodbye, Tommy,” Ranboo waved and finally, they got back in the ship. Tommy took them out into space and plotted a course for Las Nevadas. Once he had, he put the autopilot on and sighed.

He looked back to see Phil, Techno and Wilbur were in some seats in the cockpit. The shuttle was never designed for one person to do everything so there were seats and rooms for multiple people. It had always added to Tommy’s loneliness despite actively choosing to be alone.

“It should be a couple cycles until we reach Las Nevadas.”

“So what now?” Phil asked.

“I don’t know, just do what you do. As long as it’s not wreck the ship, we should be fine.”

Techno hummed and waited as Phil and Wilbur both left the cockpit. Tommy stayed, looking over the star maps again to make sure their way was clear. He looked up as he felt eyes on him.

“You need something?” Tommy turned to Techno.

“No, just...” he seemed a little anxious or maybe he’s just awkward. “I wanted to thank you for... saving Phil and Wilbur. They’re the only family I’ve got.”

“Sure, no problem.” Tommy said, “I get it. If it were Tubbo and Ranboo in that situation, I’d want people to burn that clearing down.”

Techno huffed amusedly, “ok.” Then he left.

Tommy made a couple minor adjustments to the journey to save some time and fuel, along with a detour to get around some IGF patrols. Finally, he went to the kitchen to cook dinner.

He’d put all the unsafe ingredients far away from the humans and was just cooking when he spotted Wilbur staring at him from the kitchen doorway. Tommy decided to ignore it for now, going to cook and dishing up the plates.

Like before, he put three of them on a tray with cutlery and water before heading to their room. When he turned, Wilbur was still there, watching him.

“What?”

“I still don’t know what you want with us,” Wilbur said, lowly, threateningly, “but I will find out.”

“Ok, well, when you do, mind telling me? Because I don’t know either.” He handed the tray to Wilbur, “here’s your soup. It’s human safe.” Tommy turned back to his food and started eating and zoning out before he was startled by Wilbur slamming his hands against the table in front of Tommy.

“I didn’t spend 13 years in space as a lab rat just to be conned back into the cage by some bird.”

Tommy looked up at Wilbur with a bored expression, “*you* followed *me*, Wilbur. Where’s the con?”

Wilbur slammed a fist on the table again and headed out, taking the food with him. Tommy just shrugged, zoning out again. When Tommy zoned back in, half of his bowl was eaten and Wilbur was gone. He couldn’t help but miss the company, even if the company hated him.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

The crew get to Las Nevadas and Quackity has some news for Tommy

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentions of past abuse

Las Nevadas was just a moon orbiting a larger gas giant. The lights of the hub were so bright, they could be seen before even entering the terraforming bubble. Tommy was in the cockpit again, trying to gain entry.

“Hey, Quackity, uh, just a heads up-”

“A heads up? I can see you already here requesting access.” The other Fawthern had similar plumage but with black feathers on his head and tail and yellow wings and body.

“Look, I couldn’t give you too much warning, you know me.”

“At least one cycle would be nice.” Quackity pinched the bridge of his nose, “what do you want?”

“Ok, so... don’t freak out, ok? Because everyone else has and they all say I’m crazy.”

“What’s new?” Quackity sighed like a tired parent. “What did you do now? You need to hide from IGF again?”

“I mean, probably but I’ve got passengers this time and they’re just as illegal.” Tommy lowered his wing to reveal the humans.

Quackity just looked at them and sighed, “this fucking kid,” he muttered. “Ok, I’m sending you a flight path. Purpled will be out to meet you and bring you in. Keep your hands to yourself. I don’t want you pushing a single brick out of Las Nevadas and have it crumble under your feet.”

“Well that would just be shoddy building, big man.” Tommy smirked.

Quackity let out another tired sigh, “just don’t crash on your way down.” Tommy chuckled and ended the comm link.

“Who is that?” Techno asked.

“Quackity, he’s the same species as me. I smuggled him out the same time I smuggled Tubbo. He was kinda used as the president’s pet.”

“Pet?” Phil nearly choked.

“Yeah, the exotic pet trade has quite a few Fawthern in it.”

“That’s fucked up.”

“Yeah but it’s legal.” Tommy shrugged, following the flight path sent to him. He landed the ship and stood up, straightening a few feathers and looking down at his dull colourings. He groaned, “Quackity’s gonna make a fuss.”

“Why?” Phil questioned but Tommy just groaned again, straightening a couple more as if the problem wasn’t the blood on his feathers.

When they got out, Purpled was standing there, hands in his pockets. His purple antennae shook from side to side when he saw Tommy and his tail swished before he pulled out a pair of cuffs.

“Yeah right,” Tommy smirked.

“He said not to let you touch anything.” Purpled replied.

“I’d like to see you try, *Purpled*.” Tommy taunted. He jumped out of the way when Purpled lunged at him and giggled as he ran circles around the much slower alien until he tripped over some slime and more green slime wrapped around his feet and hands. “Charlie! Not fair.” Tommy yelped.

“Sorry, Tommy Innit from nowhere but Quackity requested we both come and see you and your guests in.” The slime appeared and reformed, letting Tommy go. Tommy stood up and straightened a couple more feathers.

“He’s not gonna be happy when he sees the state of you,” Purpled smirked.

“I know,” Tommy groaned then looked over at the humans who were still trying to figure out if they were under threat or not. “It’s ok, it’s just an ongoing joke we have where Purpled is... how do I say this? Slow.”

Purpled reached up and put one side of the cuffs over Tommy’s wrist. Tommy looked down at it and Purpled smiled, “what was that?”

“Fuck you.”

Purpled chuckled. Charlie looked over at the humans. “Welcome, Phil, Techno and Wilbur of Sol-10. Please follow us to your rooms.”

“How do you know our names?” Wilbur asked.

“I am Slime,” Charlie said, “I’m from the primordial goop of the universe so I know the names of everyone.” Charlie smiled sheepishly, “I’m told my social skills require work though.”

“Yeah, Charlie, you can’t just go out and say people’s names before they give them to you. It’s freaky.” Tommy said.

“But why?” Charlie tilted their head.

“Because they don’t know you’re a slime. It just looks like you’ve stalked them or some shit.”

“Yeah, or you’re using their super secret ceremonial name and making them screech at the top of their lungs.” Purpled knocked shoulders with Tommy before taking the cuffs off.

“That was bad. I’m sorry about that, Tommy. Quackity’s never been so guarded over his Fawthern name and I failed to see how it would affect you.”

“It’s fine, Charlie. As long as you don’t go giving it out, it’s sacred.” Tommy sighed. They’d started walking and Tommy turned back to see the humans following.

“How is one name sacred but the other isn’t? I don’t really understand how they’re different.”

“Because of how it’s used, Charles,” Purpled explained, “it’s like money, the less there is, the more it’s worth.”

“So... the less the name is used... the more important it is?”

“Exactly,” Tommy nodded, “and they’re supposedly given out by Prime themselves but that’s beside the point.”

“Ok. I think I understand now.” Charlie nodded, “thanks.” Tommy let out a happy coo, patting Charlie’s back with his wing.

They wandered through the city of lights and towards a huge hotel with a massive water fountain in front of it. The water glistened in the dancing lights as a shadow passed over the group. Tommy looked up and saw the older Fawthern flying above them, landing down beside them.

Quackity’s wings were far bigger than Tommy’s and he was taller than the chick too though not by much. Quackity landed in step with the group, wrapping a wing around Tommy.

“Alright, inside. I need to talk with you.” He said.

“What about?” Tommy asked.

The hotel was quiet this time of night as it was a specific VIP hotel across from the casino that only Quackity and his employees lived in. Tommy had his own room there too when he stayed.

Quackity sighed then turned to Tommy, seeing him for the first time in the light. “Why do you look like that?” He chirped in alarm, “Tommy! Have you been taking *any* care of your feathers? You especially need to if you want to start flying soon.”

“Look, I know it looks bad ok-”

“Looks bad? Tommy, you’re covered in grease and dirt. Seriously, you need a bath. A proper one.”

“I know but I’m not meant to submerge my feathers, they’ll lose their oil.”

“You can rebuild the waterproofing back but this is serious. How long has it been since you took care of yourself, *tik’ita* ?”

“Don’t ‘tik’ita’ me, bitch! You’re not my dad!”

“As the only ones of our species that we know, I’m the most qualified.” Quackity put a hand on Tommy’s shoulder, “our talk can wait. Charlie, get a bath going for Tommy.”

“Sure, Quackity of Las Nevadas.”

Quackity sighed then turned to the humans, “would you like your own private rooms or adjoining?”

“Uh, I think we’d just like to stick together, mate.” Phil answered for the group.

“We’ve got a family room with a double and a single bed if anyone wants to share or we can do two singles and an adjoining double where you can keep the door open between the two.” Quackity explained.

“In return for what?” Wilbur asked, “we can’t exactly pay you for any rooms.”

“It’s fine, this is my personal hotel. You’re with Tommy, you get a free stay.”

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Wilbur narrowed his eyes.

“Alright, I’ll keep it simple. I want nothing. I house Tommy here free of charge, he brings people here all the time. Sometimes I make connections with them, sometimes I never see them again.”

“Why house Tommy for free?” Phil asked, “if you don’t mind me asking.”

“One, I owe him for getting me out of a bad situation, two, his smuggling business gives me access to certain officials and secrets and three, he’s the only Fawthern I know. We both only have each other.”

“Really? Are you that endangered?” Phil asked.

“Not so much endangered, just other Fawthern are either trapped as lab rats or pets or they’re hiding away in the far corners of the galaxy. The universe isn’t exactly kind to us.”

“If you’re able to speak and be understood, how do people confuse you for pets?” Techno asked.

“There’s no confusion,” Quackity said, “everyone knows we’re sentient, it’s just not been made official.”

“What’s the appeal?” Techno asked again, “I don’t get it.”

“Some people want smart pets,” Quackity said, “someone to fetch them beers from the fridge without having to spend hours training them. They want slaves, basically.” Quackity looked over at Tommy who was joking around with Purpled again, dodging him when the alien lunged. “Some people just want something to break.”

Tommy darted under Purpled’s arm, laughing as the purple alien spun around to grab him. The pair ended up wrestling to the ground onto the marble floor.

“Tommy! You’ll get my floors all dirty!” Quackity came over now, picking up the fledgling by the scruff.

“Big Q!” Tommy grumbled.

“Go on, take a bath. I’ll be in after to help preen.”

“I can preen myself, I’m not a chick!”

“You *are* a chick, now go tik’ita.” Quackity pushed Tommy down one hallway despite Tommy’s protests. “Go, I need to get your passengers settled in.” Tommy huffed but left. Quackity sighed and turned to the humans again, “ok, down this way.” Quackity turned on his heel, gesturing with his wing to follow just like Tommy would.

“Did you just say Tommy was a chick? As in, a child?” Phil asked, falling into step with Quackity.

“I’m not surprised he didn’t tell you. Yes, Tommy is a fledgling. He’s old enough to be out of the family nest but not old enough to be away from his parents completely.”

“I’ve seen him massacre a whole clearing.” Techno said.

“Well, it’s the universe we live in, hunt or be hunted.” Quackity shoved his hands in his pockets.

Wilbur appeared to agree with the sentiment which was why this was particularly hard for him. “So why this? Why the kindness?” He asked.

Quackity looked back at him, “all good hunters need a pack.” He looked ahead again, never pausing in his walk.

“But Tommy’s trying to get us home. At least planning to,” Phil said, “how exactly does that fit into your world-views?”

“I mean, Tommy’s never exactly fitted into *anyone’s* views or opinions. Too stubborn. He wants to help who he can but he’s also got to be a ruthless smuggler for his own protection.” Quackity shot Phil a look, “nobody messes with a jinx.” Quackity turned and stopped in the middle of the hall, “how rude of me, I haven’t even introduced myself. I’m Quackity. And you are?”

“I’m Phil, this is Techno and Wilbur.”

Quackity hummed, “Wilbur... I knew a Wilbur once. He was one of Schlatt’s guards, one of the few that didn’t treat me like dirt.” He looked over the Wilbur in front of him though, a stark contrast to the innocent, goofy Ovec. “You at least have more sense than he did.” Quackity turned again and started walking, “questioning kindness is a good habit to keep around here. Everyone wants something. Unless that someone is a lonely Fawthern chick with too much empathy for his own good.”

“So you think Tommy truly wants nothing from us?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

“I know he doesn’t. He found you in crates, being treated like cargo. It’s enough bad memories to make *me* consider helping.” Quackity raised a finger, “only consider though. I’d have noped out of there the second I saw the crates.”

Wilbur lifted his chin and stopped walking, making the others all stop too, “how do you know how Tommy found us? You only just met us and Tommy hasn’t had the chance to tell you.”

“Good observation.” Quackity nodded, “it’s what I needed to talk to Tommy about. The Krakari, Dream? He’s still alive.”

“What?” Phil stepped forward. “How? Techno stabbed him in the chest.”

“Krakari blood clots pretty fast. If it wasn’t a blow to vital organs, they have an opportunity to bounce back.” Quackity tucked his wings into his back, something Phil had seen Tommy do when he was nervous. “Tommy’s not safe here. There’s too many eyes and Dream’s got an arsenal of mercenaries on his side.”

“We were attacked back on the last planet we were at. Phil and Wilbur were taken hostage. Could that have been him?” Techno asked.

“Perhaps.” Quackity handed a key to Phil, “keep the door locked tonight and don’t wander about alone. I’ll have security posted outside the hotel and in the halls. You’ll be safe tonight but after I tell Tommy this, he’ll probably want to move on. Get some sleep.” Quackity headed down the hall again, leaving the humans alone.

“Tommy, please. You’re giving me back problems just looking at it,” Quackity groaned at the sight of the nest in Tommy’s room. “Look, let me show you how *I* do it then you can feel the difference. If you don’t like it, you can change it back.”

Tommy’s feathers ruffled at the thought of his nest being dismantled but Quackity was the closest thing he had to a flock so he let him in. “Fine but if it’s shit, I’m turning it back.”

“Deal.” Quackity nodded, heading into the room and grabbing more blankets.

“Why? Those are scratchy ones. They need to be soft!”

“You need support somehow and stiff blankets give you that.” Quackity explained, “soft blankets go over it.” He rearranged the soft blankets, building up the sides of the nest more. He did a once over of his work, folding and twisting the blankets into just the right shape.

Finally, he stood back. Tommy looked at Quackity unsure then stepped inside, spinning once, twice, three times before sitting down. He let out a sad sounding chirr.

“What’s wrong, tik’ita?” Quackity crouched down just outside the nest, “do you not like it?”

“I do, I do, it’s just... it’s a lot like mum’s nest.” Tommy lowered his head, tucking his knees into his chest.

Quackity cooed, “can I come in?” Tommy nodded and Quackity sat down beside him, curling his wings around the chick and pulling his head down to rest on his shoulder.

Quackity started singing to the chick, a calming song, something akin to a lullaby. Tommy closed his eyes to it, his mind drifting off to the beautiful raven Fawthern that would have been in Quackity’s place so long ago. Her voice reached out across the recesses of his mind and she sang to him.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The crew go into hiding in deep space. Tensions rise and Wilbur snaps at Tommy.

Chapter Notes

Tw: mentions of abuse and maths

They didn't stay long in Las Nevadas, not while they were being hunted. Quackity could keep IGF out through certain loopholes and politics but he couldn't keep out Dream.

So Tommy had to go into hiding. He's done it before but not with three humans in tow. He refuelled while at Las Nevadas and packed the kitchen with food in case they needed to hide longer than expected.

The first cycle went smoothly enough. Not like they were at each other's throats but Wilbur was being especially cold to Tommy. Techno had mellowed out a bit around Tommy, clearly still glad for the help back at Sam's.

Phil wasn't cold but he was still calculating. He wasn't guarded but he was still testing boundaries. Boundaries that Tommy noticed were starting to come down. His personal bubble was shrinking around them. Tommy wasn't sure what to think about that.

The humans started eating with him at the table and because of that, he'd been finishing more food than usual. The loneliness was starting to disappear. Tommy was starting to look forward to meal times where they'd all be in the same place.

It was a few more cycles before Wilbur finally snapped. Tommy hadn't put as much distance between them as he should have and Wilbur shoved him.

"Seriously, just fucking get it over with." Wilbur snarled, "just *do* something already!"

"Do what?" Tommy asked.

"I know this trick, just quit the act already. It might work on them but it won't work on me." Wilbur shoved Tommy again.

"What trick?" Tommy asked.

“Oh fuck off! I *know* this is a trick. Trying to break us, huh? Make us trust you so you can stick us back into crates?”

“Why would I let you out of the crates just to stick you back in?”

“Because you needed us to fight for you!” Wilbur shoved Tommy and this time, his back hit a wall. As soon as it had, Tommy’s toes curled down and his tail curled around his leg. He was trapped. He was pinned and Wilbur was angry. Wilbur could hurt him because Phil and Techno weren’t there to stop him. Would they stop him? Phil hadn’t stopped Techno when he’d pinned Tommy to the wall and injected him.

Tommy’s breath stuttered slightly, “Wilbur, please just calm down. I’m not trying to trick you.”

“Bullshit!” Wilbur grabbed Tommy’s collar, holding him to the wall. Tommy flinched, a scared peep leaving his mouth as he prepared for a hit.

“Wilbur.” A gruff voice called out. Tommy hadn’t realised when he’d squeezed his eyes tight but when he opened them, Techno was in the room and Phil was in the doorway.

Wilbur let Tommy go and Tommy slunk out from between Wilbur and the wall. He gave Wilbur a wide berth, never fully turning his back. The room was silent and he passed Phil who’d given him a look of sympathy.

His breathing was a little faster than usual, still trying to calm down. He headed back to his room, grabbing some blankets and started fiddling with his nest, building it like how he’d seen Quackity build it. He was still shaken and even the comforting songs Quackity sang sounded half hearted when he tried to self-soothe. The notes and trills wobbled and more peeps slipped out like hiccups. He had enough, taking a fistful of blankets and throwing them at a wall.

He had fucking claws. Tommy had weapons on him, he had speed on his side. The humans had none of that. So why did he feel so helpless when Wilbur had pinned him, like he’d already been defeated. Tommy crouched down, letting out a couple more peeps. He shouldn’t feel scared on his own ship. In his own home. On his own planet. He shouldn’t. But he was.

Tommy abandoned nest building for now and headed to the bridge. He needed to distract himself from these thoughts. Once there, he looked at the star maps to see what was around them. Deep space was the perfect hiding spot. It would take too many resources and too much time to search. He kept a close eye on nearby planets, figuring they’d need to refuel and restock at some point.

Tommy sighed then decided maybe he should talk to someone. He opened a comms link with Niki. A secure link, obviously. These wouldn’t be tracked as most people he talked to were people he smuggled who were all in hiding.

“Hi, Tommy. I haven’t heard from you in a while.” Niki smiled.

“Hey, Niki. How are you and Jack? Has Puffy been treating you well?”

“We’re great. We’ve been put to work. It took some getting used to, the council wasn’t one for hard labour but I like it. It’s more... me.”

Tommy smiled, feeling more comforted by the sound of Niki’s voice than any songs he’d sang to himself. “That’s great.”

“How have you been?”

“Oh, the usual. Smuggling some shit, making enemies.”

“Are you in trouble again?” Niki chuckled.

“Just laying low for now,” Tommy smiled.

“You’ve been to see Quackity, I take it. Your feathers look so bright right now.”

“Niki,” Tommy chuckled sheepishly.

“No, really. They look beautiful. And the gold on your crest is so shiny.”

Tommy smiled awkwardly, “stop it, you’ll make me blush.”

“Can’t I compliment how my friend looks?” Niki chuckled. Tommy smiled too. “You look tired, Tommy.” Niki was starting to get serious.

“Yeah, I’ve got a few passengers. Tensions are a bit high right now.”

“Anything I can help with?”

Tommy paused, “Mer council had some info on humans, right?”

“Are your passengers humans?” Tommy nodded. “Alright, what do you want to know?”

“Wilbur said he’d been in space for 13 years. How much is that?”

“They measure their time on how long it takes for their planet to orbit their sun. One year is one orbit. In rotations, 13 years is...” Niki pulled out a calculator, typing quickly, “11.8 rotations.”

“Nearly 12 rotations?” Tommy’s eyes blew wide.

Niki nodded, “their year is equal to about 1.1 rotations. Pretty similar to us.” Tommy wrapped himself up in his wings, shivering a little. “Are you ok?”

“Yeah it’s just... when he got sick, I had to scan him to see what was causing it. I saw...” Tommy swallowed, “a lot of what they did to him.”

Niki hummed, eyes hooded with sympathy, “is this who you’re hiding from?”

“Yeah.” Tommy nodded.

“Hey, Niki! Who are you talking to?!” Someone yelled behind her.

Niki looked up, “hey, Jack. Tommy called.”

Jack’s smile warmed Tommy’s bones when he saw it, “ayup.”

“Ayup, big man.” Tommy smiled, wings falling from where they’d curled around himself.

“We’ve missed you, man. When are you going to come and see us?”

“Got some prick after my passengers, we’re laying low for now.”

“Just boot them out and come over,” Jack chuckled.

“You know Tommy’s too nice for that,” Niki smiled.

“Oi, I’m not too nice.”

“You are! You let me bring Jack with me last minute even though you’d only planned to smuggle me.” Niki replied, “and you set up my abuser to take the fall for my disappearance.”

“Someone had to,” Tommy shrugged, “might as well be that bastard.”

“See, you’ve got a heart. Admit it.”

“Fiiine,” Tommy groaned but he was smiling.

“I’m afraid I only came down here to tell Niki that Puffy’s looking for you.” Jack said, “go on, your girlfriend wants you.”

“She’s not my girlfriend!” Niki laughed.

“Say hi to her for me.” Tommy said.

“I will. Hope to see you soon, Tommy. Take care of yourself.”

“You too.”

Niki ended the comm link. Tommy felt better, calmer, like he always did after talking to the Merial. Jack wasn’t a Merial but he was still like a brother to Niki. They’d been the most fun Tommy had ever had smuggling people off planet. Niki wasn’t stuck up like Ranboo was and Jack loved to joke around with Tommy. They had the same humour.

Tommy stayed in the bridge for some time longer, just staring at the star maps until it was time to make food. When he headed for the kitchen though, he spotted Wilbur alone in the common room. He paused by the door. Should he talk to him? There was still that lingering fear of being trapped by him again and hurt while the others weren’t around to stop him.

Tommy tucked his wings back and curled his tail around his leg but he stepped into the room, creeping over to sit on the other end of the long couch. Wilbur hadn’t looked at him but the couch dipped as Tommy sat down.

Wilbur sighed, “look, I know, Phil!” He turned suddenly and Tommy jumped, accidentally letting out another scared peep. Wilbur was still angry. Wilbur froze on seeing Tommy. “You’re not Phil.”

“Nope.” Tommy lowered his head, ducking a little to be smaller, less of a target.

“What do you want?”

“To talk?” Tommy didn’t even seem sure. “But if you’re still angry, I can leave, just-”

“It’s fine.” Wilbur interrupted, turning to be side on again, “what do you want to talk about?”

Tommy opened then closed his mouth. What *did* he want to talk about? He took a breath, trying to relax so he could think. “How- how old were you when...?”

“When I was abducted?” Wilbur finished, looking at Tommy with a raised eyebrow. Tommy nodded. “I was 11.”

“11.” Tommy mentally did the maths in his head. “10 rotations.”

“Whatever rotations are.” Wilbur muttered.

“And... how old are you now?”

“24.”

“24.” Tommy echoed. “So you’re old.”

Wilbur spluttered at that, “what did you just say?” He shot a surprised look at Tommy but at least it wasn’t angry.

“You’re oooold. I’m surprised you’re not all grey and bald.” Tommy smirked, “do humans go grey when they’re old?”

Wilbur let out an amused huff, the ghost of a smile on his face, “how old are you then?”

“15 rotations.” Tommy chirped proudly, straightening up.

“That would make you a child back on earth.” Wilbur smirked.

“I’m not a child!” Tommy squeaked with indignation, feathers puffing up.

Wilbur chuckled at that. “You are definitely a child. Quackity said you were a chick.”

“Well he’s a wrong’un! I’m a big man with his own ship and job while undermining the government!” Tommy chirped along, wings spreading at his words and fear quickly forgotten about. Wilbur seemed to rather enjoy making Tommy squeak with offence.

“Oh really?”

“Yeah, really.”

“Explain tik’ita. That didn’t translate but it sounded like something said to a kid to me.”

Tommy’s cheeks burned red. It was one thing for Quackity to speak Fawthern to him, it was another for a human to mimic the word and accent so easily.

He lowered his head, “it didn’t translate because it’s not Galactic Standard. It’s Fawthern.” He said lowly.

Wilbur’s teasing look fell. “What does it mean?” He asked a little quieter, almost more delicately.

“It means... ‘little song’.” Tommy scratched his crest feathers, “singing is a main part of my culture. We sing for all sorts of things. Tik’ita is a term of endearment you’d give for someone younger than you.”

“So I was right.” Wilbur smiled more.

“You were not, it just means Quackity’s old. I’m not a chick!” Tommy huffed.

Wilbur snorted but stopped now. They fell into a silence. Wilbur seemed to realise that he’d forgotten to be mad at Tommy and his face turned stoney again. “I still don’t trust you.”

“I don’t need your trust. I just need you to not attack me before I find a way to get you home.”

“But why? Why do this? I don’t get it. This isn’t out of the kindness of your heart but you haven’t given any price.”

Tommy sighed. “Do you care about Phil and Techno?”

Wilbur blinked, “what?”

“Do you care about Phil and Techno?” Tommy repeated.

“Of course I do. They’re my family.”

“Would you care if you saw another human in a crate?”

“Yes.”

“Then congratulations, you’ve just empathised with me.” Tommy smiled softly. Wilbur furrowed his eyebrows. “I care about people, Wil. I don’t wish what I went through on anybody.” Wilbur shook his head slowly, wheels turning in his head while he processed what Tommy said. “You probably heard from Quackity, he likes to tell me this too but, out there is not a universe based off a general respect for one another. It’s hunt or be hunted.”

“Those were his exact words,” Wilbur muttered.

Tommy nodded, “well, I want to change that and I’m doing it the only way I know how, through smuggling.”

“How does that help?”

“I smuggle people. People who were trapped in bad situations, people with no way out. Like Tubbo and Quackity.” Tommy looked down at his hands, “if I didn’t need the credits for food and fuel, I’d do it for free.” Tommy turned to fully face Wilbur but Wilbur didn’t move, just watching him closely. “My goal is to grow my network, everyone I smuggle is given all our comm links, able to reach out if they need help. It’s small but it works. The translators are proof of that, I just had to ask Ranboo for help.”

“What do they get out of it?”

“People they can trust.” Tommy said, “someone they can rely on, a family if they need it.”

Wilbur squirmed a little on the couch. He grimaced at the thought. “Family...” he hummed, “I can’t even remember my family. Phil and Techno are now the closest thing I have to one.”

“Do you remember much from Earth?” Tommy asked. Wilbur shook his head. “Would you like to see pictures?”

“You have pictures of Earth?” Wilbur glared suspiciously though it was far less heated than it normally was.

“I’d called Ranboo to ask for everything he had on humans. I mostly paid attention to dietary needs and things so I didn’t poison you but there was information on Sol-10. There were pictures, I can show you if you want.” Wilbur paused for thought then nodded silently.

Tommy stood and Wilbur tensed up but Tommy never got closer. Instead, he headed to the table in the middle of the common room. It seemed so out of place since it was higher than the couch. It wasn’t a coffee table but when Tommy pressed a switch, it lit up. It projected a hologram of jumbled looking words that Wilbur couldn’t read.

Tommy scrolled briefly before the display changed to a scene from Earth. It showed green grass for miles, sectioned into rough rectangles by fences and bushes with white dots in a couple. Tommy zoomed in and Wilbur’s face lit up as he saw the sheep up close.

Tommy smiled, “there’s not a lot of information on these photos. Can you explain them?”

“Uh, sure, um.” Wilbur cleared his throat. His voice wobbled as if he was going to cry but he held on to explain what sheep and farms were.

Tommy scrolled through more photos, learning about snow and cities and mountains. His feathers ruffled as he learnt about volcanoes and that people actually lived near them. Wilbur smirked and tried to scare him with the ideas of lightning storms and earthquakes.

Unfortunately for him, Tommy knew about earthquakes. His own planet had a few of them, the result of Prime shaking prey out of their hiding spots so that Fawthorn could hunt them. Tsunamis still scared him though. The thought of high walls of water travelling ten times faster than him made him feel small and helpless. Wilbur said they were rare though.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Dream finds the crew and takes over the ship.

Chapter Notes

Tw: violence, blood and panic attacks

Tommy stood over the star maps now, looking on at the approaching vessel. It didn't look familiar to him but he decided to move anyway. Phil walked in and saw him do so.

"Oh? We going somewhere?"

"Just out of the way of this vessel," Tommy said, "not sure why it's out in deep space, or coming towards us but I don't have a good feeling about it."

Phil came up and stood with Tommy, "is it Dream?" He asked lowly.

"I don't know. I don't recognise it. He shouldn't have found us so fast, he'd need to check all of deep space to find us, there's no landmarks near us." Tommy looked at the vessel again. "Clementine, identify that vessel."

"Identity hidden."

"How? You're Sam's creation. He's bound to have made you to look past a bit of encryption." Tommy looked up. "Clementine?" The lights dimmed and engines shut off. "Clementine? What's happening?" The control panels all lit up green as Clementine locked all the controls down and the screen lit up as Sam opened a comm link. "Sam? What's going on?"

"I'm sorry, Tommy." He said, not looking at the screen properly, "I wanted to keep you safe."

"No, seriously, Sam. The engines just stopped and the ship's not responding to me."

"I know. I didn't want to have to do this but Dream gave me no choice."

Tommy's eyes widened as he saw the ship get closer.

"Docking in progress."

“No! Clementine, do not let that ship dock!” Tommy turned and ran towards the door. The doors shut, locking him and Phil in the bridge. “No. Sam, let me out. Seriously, let me out!” He turned to the screen, eyes wide and desperate. “This isn’t- like- funny.”

Sam lowered his head, “I’m sorry. Dream said he won’t hurt you, he just wants his humans back.”

“They aren’t *his* to take, Sam!” Tommy hissed, “seriously, stop this. Sam!”

“It’s too late. Clementine is programmed to protect you, you’ll be safe there while Dream is on board.”

Tommy tapped on the translator, using it as a comms, “Sam’s taken control of the ship and locked me out. Phil’s with me. Hide. Dream is docking right now and I’m trapped in the bridge.”

“What do you mean, you’re locked out?” Techno asked.

“I mean, the AI is only listening to Sam and stopping me from accessing any of the controls. I’ll try and find a way out but until then, you and Wilbur need to stay hidden.” Tommy paced the bridge, looking for something to try and wedge the doors open.

“Tommy, just... stop. Let him take the humans, you’ll be safe.”

“If you’re gonna keep saying that, you can fuck off!” Tommy glared at the screen. “Sure, let me just hand him the keys to the fucking ship while I’m at it. You’re up your own arse if you think I’m gonna let them be science projects again!” Tommy hissed, fluffing his feathers and spreading his wings.

Sam sighed, “look. I don’t expect you to like it, but Dream is dangerous. Ok?”

“So is Schlatt,” Tommy hissed, “and the End council and the IGF. Stop pretending like you’re protecting me.”

“Dream’s dangerous in a different way! He’s a threat to everyone. He’ll hurt Tubbo or Ranboo to get to you. He’s known for using attachments against people.”

“Open those doors or I jinx this fucking ship.” Tommy said lowly.

“Go ahead, I placed the jinx virus in stasis while I was repairing the ship.”

Tommy shook his head, “master override, Jinx, J-1-X!”

“Jinx virus inactive.” Clementine’s voice said.

“Fuck!”

“Tommy?” Phil called to him.

“Nope, no, no, I can’t be trapped, I can’t be.” Tommy peeped.

“Tommy,” Phil took Tommy’s shoulders, turning him roughly to face him. Tommy blinked, “breathe, mate. We’ll sort something. Ok? Just keep calm.” Tommy took a breath and another and as he did, his wings lowered. “Ok. Good. We need to get out of here. Is there some kind of emergency device around to open the doors if they get jammed.”

“Yeah, on the other side of the fucking door.” Tommy sighed.

“Why isn’t there one on both sides? That’s incredibly unsafe.”

“You sound like Ranboo.” Tommy ran a hand over his face, “looks like he was right about the AI locking me out of the system during emergencies.” Tommy looked around, spotting a vent up high on the wall, “there.” He pointed.

“A bit high, even if I give you a boost.” Phil said, “can you reach?”

“My wings might get me up.”

“Ok, mind your claws,” Phil said before positioning himself below the vent. Tommy took a run, using Phil’s hands as a foot hold and giving his wings a strong flap before he grabbed onto the bars of the vent. His feet scrambled for purchase, claws digging into metal as he ripped the vent cover off and dove inside.

“Tommy!” Sam called, “I can’t protect you if you go out there.”

Tommy paused. “Bye, Sam.” He said before crawling through. As he crawled through the vents, Phil was on the comm.

“Ok, Tommy’s found a way out. Where is everyone?”

“Tommy’s found his way out?” A voice asked over the comms. It wasn’t Wilbur or Techno. It was Dream.

“How the fuck did you get on this comm channel?” Tommy asked lowly.

“I took it from one of the humans. Another one is putting up a bit more of a fight, it’ll be busy for a while. I see you’ve given them translators.”

“You listen here-”

“No, you listen.” Dream interrupted, “I didn’t come here alone. Thanks to Samuel Nook, I no longer need you to smuggle these humans past IGF. That means you’re expendable. Stay out of the way or I get rid of you.”

“Sorry, forgot to listen to that bit while I was being awesome and saving the day, say again?” Tommy smirked when he heard Phil snort.

“Listen here, kid. I will kill you if you get in my way. I thought Sam had a better handle on you.”

“Nobody fucking controls me but me, bitch.” Tommy found a vent grate and carefully pushed it open, trying not to alert to where he was on the ship. He appeared in one of the spare bedrooms that was set up for Tubbo, Ranboo and Michael when they visit.

Tommy peeked his head around the corner and into the hall. He couldn’t see where anyone was and he couldn’t risk going out into the halls without any eyes. Tommy looked up and saw a camera in the corner.

“Phil? Can you access the cameras?” Tommy talked lowly now that he wasn’t hidden in the vents.

“Uh, how?” Phil asked.

“Left console, the touch screen. There’s a circular icon with a red dot in it.”

“Oh, wow, yeah I can see. He’s got Wil and Techno is fighting another one.”

“Another one? What do they look like?”

“Uh, a bit like the first but all white this time with like... some gold on his chest.”

“Punz. Ok, where are they?”

“Uh... hallway... near the kitchen actually. Towards the back of the ship.” Tommy nodded at the information given. “I can’t see you though, are you still in the vents?”

“You can’t see me?” Tommy asked, staring directly at the camera pointed at him. He figured Phil was just skimming over that camera and he’d look over eventually.

“No. A couple of them are bugging out though. Can’t see anything on them.”

“Which ones?” Tommy asked, moving down the hall now towards the kitchen.

“I can’t see any of the bedrooms.” Phil said, “hang on, it’s cleared now. Can’t see further down the hall now though.”

Tommy looked up at the camera again, seeing the light on it glowing blue instead of green. Tommy smirked at it. “Don’t worry about it.” Tommy snuck down the hallway, the mysterious interference masking his movements.

“Techno’s fighting Punz near the medbay and Dream’s taken over the hallway outside the kitchen where he’s got Wilbur tied up. He’s put the translator back on Wilbur’s ear, the channel is probably secure again.”

“Just in case, let’s not talk about our moves over comms.” Tommy said.

He decided to help Techno first. Punz was too preoccupied with the fight and unlike Dream, he didn’t know Tommy was out. Tommy snuck up behind him, jumping at his back and digging his claws in while he thumped the back of the Krakari’s head. Punz dropped like a bag of bricks and Tommy sealed him in the medbay, the lock glowing a bright blue.

“Should we free Phil first?” Techno asked.

“Phil’s not in any danger on the bridge,” Tommy said, “we need to get to Wilbur.” Techno nodded. They snuck towards the kitchen where the hallways connected at a junction. “I’ll lead him down that hall, you get behind him when he passes you.” Tommy waited for Techno to nod before stepping out into the hall. “Hey, bitch! Forget someone?!”

“I see you didn’t listen to my warnings.” Dream stepped towards him.

“Tommy,” Wilbur whispered lowly on seeing the chick in the corridor on his own. Tommy kept his distance, keeping just out of the Krakari’s reach.

“Nope, I fucking told you, I couldn’t hear you over the sound of me being awesome.” Tommy took a couple steps back as Dream approached. He saw Dream’s eyes almost light up when he had.

“Oh really?” Dream asked, stepping closer, “because from where I’m standing, you’re just a scared chick trying to play hero.”

“Not just playing, big man. Got the amazing good looks and all.” Tommy took a few more steps back, begging Dream to keep his eyes on him while he passed the corridor, “in fact, I’m very impressive to very many women. I am the wife haver, I’ve got thousands of them, all around the galaxy.”

Dream smirked hungrily as he got closer, claws out and teeth bared. He screeched as Techno stuck his knife into the damaged scales in his back where Tommy’s last attack had hit. Once in, Techno dragged the blade down, widening the scars as best he could and using all his strength to break through the scales.

“Thank fuck, Techno. I was almost running out of ways I’m so amazing,” Tommy said.

“I’m sure you’d find more reasons,” Techno muttered, jumping back at Dream swung his clawed hand.

“You’re right. There’s just so many, we’d be here all cycle.” Tommy jumped forward, dragging claws and reopening the wounds on Dream’s arm. When Dream turned back to Tommy, Techno darted back to pull the knife from his back.

Dream screeched again, grabbing Tommy and throwing him at Techno. Techno ducked so Tommy skidding across the floor and stopped by Wilbur.

“Tommy,” Wilbur tried to move but his hands were cuffed behind him. Tommy looked at the cuffs but the lock was electronic.

“Fuck, I need Henry for this.” Tommy muttered.

“Little help over here, Tommy.” Techno muttered, still trying to hold back an alien twice his size with razer sharp claws and three rows of teeth armed with one knife. He was doing a pretty good job of it at least until Dream took out a pair of hand cuffs.

Tommy ran up to try another jab with his killing claws but Dream saw him in time and side stepped, grabbing a fistful of his crest feathers and slamming his head into the wall. When he'd turned to slam Tommy, he'd left his back open for Techno who stabbed again at the rapidly growing gashes.

Dream turned back, managing to slap one half of the cuffs on Techno's wrist. Tommy was still on the ground so he grabbed Dream's leg, pulling it out from under him. Dream held the other end of the cuffs so he brought Techno down with him when he fell and he reached up to attach the other side of the cuffs to a pipe running along the wall towards the kitchen.

With Techno on the sidelines, that left Tommy solely fighting Dream.

"Fuck sake, where is Punz when I need him?" Dream grumbled.

"Probably should have paid him more." Tommy said, already up on his feet. Dream lunged but Tommy jumped back. On the second lunge, Tommy's back hit a wall. He immediately tensed at the feeling of something solid against his wings and Dream smirked, grabbing him by the crest again.

Tommy shrieked as he was dragged back, kicking out but he couldn't reach Dream as the alien dragged Tommy along behind him. Finally,

Dream threw Tommy forward into a room. The room was glass, showing out into space and the door that shut behind him was also glass.

Tommy didn't remember having a room like that and it wasn't until he was standing, looking back at Dream standing by a keypad that he finally realised.

This was an airlock.

Dream just trapped him in an airlock.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Tommy deals with Dream. Techno and Wilbur fight him off.

Chapter Notes

Tw: blood and violence.

Couldn't sleep so here's a chapter. Might be able to finish editing the last one today since I'm up so early but no promises

Dream grinned as he ran his clawed hand over the keypad. “Environmental controls.” He smirked, “what to mess with first. Your oxygen? Temperature?” His eyes lit up as he moved his claw over one button. “Gravity.”

Tommy yelped as he was suddenly pinned to the ground by a heavy force. Blood pooled down his extremities and he hissed as the pain grew. He started getting light headed so he tried pushing part of his body off the ground, keeping his head down to encourage blood to pool back there.

“Tommy!” Wilbur tried pushing himself up but he needed his arms, he was still regaining muscle and didn’t have enough core to stand with no hands.

The harsh gravity stopped suddenly and Tommy’s arms shook under him. He took a couple breaths that he hadn’t managed under heavy gravity. Dream was laughing as Tommy pulled himself back to his feet.

“Oh, this is fun.” He pressed more buttons, “you know, I’ve always enjoyed having Fawthorn around.”

“You had Fawthorn too?” Wilbur looked up at Dream but he dropped it as soon as Dream looked at him, staring anywhere but the Krakari.

“Yeah, I’ve had lots of creatures. Now I have a way to communicate with you, this will be much more fun.” Dream smirked. Wilbur let out a shaky breath and Tommy couldn’t hide the puff of his feathers at the statement.

“Oi, bitch! Forgetting something? You aren’t getting off this ship with them!” Tommy slammed a fist into the glass but Dream didn’t care. If anything, he just grew amused at Tommy’s actions.

He looked over at the humans, “you’re quite similar. Both hard to break and so rewarding when you do.” He looked down at Wilbur again. “Another thing…” he grabbed Wilbur, pulling him to his feet, raising a clawed hand while Techno fought with his cuff in the background. Wilbur flinched and Tommy hissed, wings spread wide and threatening. Dream just smirked like he knew that would happen, “they can pack bond with anything. A rather adoptive species, Fawthern are.” Dream dropped Wilbur back on the floor, “I’ve put creatures in with them, sentient or not, they’ll always care for them like chicks.”

“Are you planning to bore us to death with facts on me. I hate to tell you this but I’m too interesting.” Tommy leaned his side against the glass, tail swishing and bumping against it as he simply folded his arms.

Dream sneered, “oh, no. I was planning the lower oxygen would take you out.”

“Lower…” Tommy furrowed his eyebrows. Dream pressed another button and it was like all the air was just sucked out of his lungs. He wheezed, coughing and spluttering as if the problem had been a blocked airway, his body not comprehending how all the oxygen was suddenly ripped from the air.

“Alert, oxygen at lethally low levels.” Clementine spoke up.

Tommy dropped to his knees, now on the same level as Wilbur who could only watch, eyes wide and horrified. Tommy leaned down, holding himself up with one hand as he took a deep breath. He took another and finally, he stopped coughing. He was still gasping but he was breathing again.

“What happened?” Dream asked.

“Clementine,” Tommy huffed, “she’s designed to keep me alive.” He sat back on his knees, looking up at Dream. “She won’t let you kill me.” Dream tapped a few more buttons before the keypad lit up green.

“Airlock environmental controls, stable. Doors locked.” Clementine’s voice spoke softly.

“See?” Tommy smirked, standing up again, “she’s locked you out.” Dream straightened up now, tail lashing around behind him. Tommy just smiled now, stepping towards the door and leaning both hands against the glass. “So what now?”

“You know I can just rip the AI out of the ship, right?” Dream snarled.

“Then do it, saves me having to later.” Tommy smirked, tail tapping against his ankle with anticipation. When Dream didn’t move, Tommy leaned closer to the glass. “Do it, pussy!” He hissed. Dream squared his shoulders and stormed off towards the engine room.

Wilbur rolled over, uncurling his legs below him and pushing himself up with great difficulty. “Tommy, what are you doing? He can kill you.”

“No he won’t,” Tommy said, “it’s ok, Wil.”

“It’s not! You’ll die!”

Tommy looked over Wilbur with a soft smile. In the background, he could see Techno pulling at his cuffed hand. “Do you trust me?” Tommy turned back at Wilbur.

Wilbur tensed up, “what?”

“Do you trust me?” Tommy asked.

Wilbur paused, swallowing and shifting on his feet, “Tommy, I- I can’t-”

“I know what’s gonna happen when he pulls Clementine out.” Tommy explained, “it’ll help. Please, believe me.”

“I-” Wilbur lowered his head, “ok.” Tommy startled a little at that. “I believe you.”

Tommy nodded and looked up at the blue lights on the camera. He didn’t know when Dream had pulled the AI out of the system until he’d come back with the circuit boards ripped up.

He came down the hall and dropped it just in front of the door as proudly as a chick showing off their first kill. Wilbur was tense but he was sitting back down again like he had been when Dream had left.

“What do you have to say for yourself now?” Dream snarled.

Tommy smirked, “master override, Jinx, J-1-X.”

The lights flickered around them, turning from Clementine’s green to a light blue. “Master override initiated.” A man’s voice said now.

Tommy smiled, “Henry, my man. I’m sorry, I didn’t realise Sam put you in stasis.”

“No problem. The forced stasis wasn’t like Tubbo’s coding. I could find ways around it.”

“I noticed.” Tommy nodded, “Henry, if you’d be so kind as to let me out of here.” The doors opened with a hiss and a slide and Tommy immediately lunged, airlock doors slamming shut behind him. Dream was still in shock so Tommy managed to hit centre mass, digging his killing claws deep into Dream’s scales.

Dream screeched again and threw Tommy back into the closed door of the airlock, quickly getting behind Tommy when the chick was still getting up. Dream wrapped his arms around Tommy, pulling the chick’s back to his chest and pinning his wings.

With his wings pinned, panic sunk in again. Tommy squirmed but he had very little leverage. He pushed against the door to the airlock, making Dream stumble back. Dream turned around

so Tommy couldn't push off any more walls before he sunk his teeth deep into Tommy's neck.

This wasn't just a bite though because Dream didn't let go. No. Tommy felt something drip in his feathers, more of it soaking into his wound and mixing with his blood. He realised that wasn't just Dream salivating.

"No, no!" Tommy struggled but he couldn't dislodge the Krakari. "No! Stop it! Stop it!" His squirming started to weaken and his scratching slowed. "Let me go!" He scratched at Dream's arms before his body started going limp. "Henry, do something!"

The cuff on Techno's hand glowed blue before unlocking. Wilbur's hands were also freed from behind his back. The humans both stood, Techno picking up the knife again before rushing at Dream together in one huge assault. Dream dropped Tommy's weak body to defend himself as a knife dug deep into Dream's damaged armoured scales. The airlock doors opened behind him as he stumbled, Wilbur shoving him the rest of the way into the airlock. The doors closed, locking him in.

"Threat isolated," Henry said, "purging."

"What?!" Dream couldn't say more as the airlock opened from the other side, shooting him out into space.

Tommy rolled over onto his back, smiling as both humans went to his side. "Told you." Tommy smirked.

"Alert, Krakari venom detected in high dose. Please go to medbay for treatment." Henry said.

"Help me up?" Tommy held a hand up. Wilbur grabbed it, Techno taking his other arm and the pair hoisted him up so quickly he almost fell forward. "Wow."

"What about that other alien?" Techno asked, "we trapped it in the medbay."

"Punz is a mercenary," Tommy said, "he'll leave once he realises he's not getting paid." Tommy took a step, body clamming up with sweat and vision swaying. He grabbed the wall beside him. "Fuck."

Wilbur came to his side. "Don't scratch me for this."

"What?" He picked Tommy up. "Wow, wow," Tommy's arms flailed at the sudden change in his centre of gravity but Wilbur just walked to the medbay with Tommy in his arms as if he weighed nothing.

Once there, they stood outside the locked door. The lock was glowing blue but the light blinked out and the door opened, revealing the second Krakari.

Punz just stood in the room, having already dealt with some of his injuries. He stared at the chick in Wilbur's arms. "You look like shit."

"Dream's dead," Wilbur squared his shoulders.

Techno stood in front of Wilbur and Tommy, knife in his hand, “get out.”

“Dream’s dead?” Punz asked in disbelief, eyes wide.

“Unless he can survive being shot out into space, then yes.” Wilbur said. “Hope you got paid upfront.”

“Hmm,” Punz nodded then left the medbay, “I’ll uh, just go then.”

“Fuck you,” Tommy muttered, fever having settled and weakness making him go limp in Wilbur’s arms. “I’m telling Purpled.”

“If you survive Dream’s venom, I’ll tell him myself.” Punz said, “he seemed a bit obsessive on our way here, I won’t be surprised if he just pumped you with as much as he could.” Wilbur adjusted his arms to somewhat protect the chick from view, stepping further behind Techno.

“Get off the ship,” Techno growled.

“I’m going, I’m going.” Punz held his hands up in surrender.

Wilbur paused at the medbay door for a couple seconds. Techno was escorting Punz off the ship though and Tommy really needed treatment so he sucked it up and headed inside, placing him on the bed. The scanner went without Tommy having to say anything.

“Krakari venom at near lethal levels,” Henry spoke up, “confirm treatment.”

“Confirm.” Tommy twittered weakly. An arm reached up and administered some injection before another set up a drip and IV fluids. Tommy’s eyes slid shut.

“Tommy?” Wilbur put a hand on his shoulder.

The chick twittered weakly. He was shivering, “c-cold.”

“I’ll grab a blanket, I’ll be right back.” He turned back to the door and Phil was standing in the doorway, a little breathless like he’d just ran through the ship to get there.

“Is he ok?” Phil asked.

“Uh, Henry said something about Kak-Krakar-i venom?” Wilbur looked back at Tommy’s shivering form. “He said he’s cold.” Wilbur walked out into the hall, “I’m grabbing him a blanket. Techno’s leading the other guy off the ship.”

Phil nodded, “go. I’ll keep an eye on him.”

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Tommy recovers from the attack and Tubbo found something interesting on someone looking for Jinx's services.

Chapter Notes

So I managed to actually edit them both today so here it is.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil sat in the bridge. He was mostly watching the star maps, making sure no other ships headed their way. He wasn't sure what he'd do if there was. He didn't know any of the controls. At most, he could look through cameras now. From there, he could see Wilbur sitting with Tommy in the medbay and Techno in the kitchen making dinner.

"Incoming comm link from Samuel Nook." The new AI? Virus? Henry spoke.

"That's the guy that sold us out, right?" Phil asked.

"Yes. Without Clementine in the ship, he can no longer control or check in to our location or cameras."

"Must be killing him, not being able to tell if Tommy's ok. He was at least worried about what would happen to him." Phil muttered.

"So... ignore?" Henry asked.

Phil chuckled, "ignore."

"Oh, Tubbo is requesting comm link. We'll need to take that or he'll use secondary override on me."

"What would that do?"

"It would put me into a forced stasis, unlike Sam's it'll work and I won't be able to help any of you with the ship's functions."

"Ok, answer that one." Phil said.

Tubbo's face appeared on the screen. "Phil? Where's Tommy? From what I can see, he's released the jinx virus on his own ship."

"We had a run-in with Dream," Phil said, "he's in the medbay."

"He was injected with a high dose of Krakari venom and is undergoing daily shots of antidote and IV fluids to combat the symptoms." Henry explained.

"And Techno and Wilbur? Are they ok?" Tubbo asked. It surprised Phil, he figured the alien would only be worried about his friend.

"Wilbur's fine. Techno had a few scratches but I stitched them up." Phil explained.

"How did Dream get on board?" Tubbo asked, "there's no way Tommy would let any vessel get close while you were hiding."

"The last AI, Clementine, took control of the ship and locked me and Tommy in here."

"Samuel Nook betrayed Tommy and put me into stasis when he was repairing the ship. When Tommy used the master override, I was able to partially free myself and help in smaller ways but only once Clementine was removed could I use my full capabilities." Henry explained, "with Tommy still in medbay, the ship requires an AI to maintain ship function in his absence."

"You can relax, Henry, I'm not planning on packing you up," Tubbo said. "Knowing Tommy, he'd probably use you as a replacement AI anyway."

"Uh, what is Henry? I've been hearing terms like AI and virus but to me, those are two different things." Phil said.

"Well, Henry started off as just a virus. I created him as payment when Tommy smuggled me and big Q. Tommy would keep him on a drive and if or when he'd get kidnapped, all he had to do was find a port to plug him in and say the override code. Henry would do the rest, destroying the ship and getting Tommy out." Tubbo explained.

"Sounds... reasonable but he's got a voice and a bit more personality than Clementine did."

"Well, over the quarters, he's been expanding his functions. He's been gathering intel off of ships while he's destroying them and learning. The personality, I blame Tommy for."

"I've become more of an AI through everything I've learned and have found out more about the pet trade that Tommy is constantly running from. It's... barbaric what they do to clearly sentient creatures." Henry said, "I understand my original coding, why I have to protect Tommy. Tommy helps others and to do that, he needs protected."

Phil smiled at that and nodded, "yeah. He does." Phil looked down at the camera in medbay, watching Wilbur run a hand through the boy's head feathers. "I don't think I'd ever see Wilbur like this if it weren't for Tommy."

"So is everyone ok? Tommy's safe? You're all good?" Tubbo asked.

“Tommy’s condition is stable.” Henry explained, “all other passengers are healthy and I’m currently showing Techno how to cook unfamiliar meats to avoid poisoning.” Phil smiled.

“Ok, I’ll let big Q know about Sam. Tommy may have built the network but Quackity kinda manages it. He’ll warn the others. Make sure to get Tommy to call me when he’s feeling better.”

“I will.” Phil nodded. Tubbo hung up.

Tommy felt awful. His veins were on fire but he was frozen to the bone. He shivered and let out a whine. A hand ran through his crest, moving with the direction of the feathers in waves of comfort.

Tommy whined again, “mum.” A couple tears fell through his closed eyelids. He leaned into the hand, wondering why it seemed so unfamiliar.

“It’s ok, Toms.” A voice said back and Tommy was too disorientated to register who it was. Whoever it was, they were calm. They weren’t mad so they wouldn’t hurt him.

“I’m sorry, mum, I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Shh, Tommy. It’s ok, you’re ok.” The voice said back.

“No,” Tommy sobbed, “it’s not. I’m sorry, I led them to us. I led them to you. I’m sorry.”

“Led who?” The voice asked, hand stopping in Tommy’s crest.

“The hunters,” Tommy choked on another sob. “I’m sorry, I led them back home. I’m sorry-”

“Tommy, can you open your eyes, please?”

Tommy shook his head with a whine. “I’m sorry. It’s my fault, it’s my...” Tommy’s exhaustion hit so suddenly that he couldn’t even finish his sentence.

“You’re ok, Tommy. You didn’t know. It’s not your fault.” The voice said as Tommy started to pass out. Tommy let out another pitiful whine before falling back asleep.

The next time Tommy was awake, he felt sweat sticking his feathers together. He squirmed at the uncomfortable feeling. At least he was more coherent. He forced his eyes open, squinting at the harsh lights. He groaned which alerted the bundle near him.

He turned when he saw movement and noticed the human next to him with a blanket over their shoulders. “Wilbur?” Tommy turned his head to the man. Any other movement was difficult, his entire body feeling achy.

“Tommy,” Wilbur perked up. “How are you- are you ok?” He scooted closer as if he wasn’t already close enough.

“Feel like shit.” Tommy grumbled. Wilbur chuckled softly. “How are Phil and Techno?”

“Good. Techno was a bit beat up but he’s fine now.”

“Oh. And how are you?”

Wilbur smiled warmly, “I’m fine, Tommy. All good.”

Tommy’s eyelids grew heavy. “Wilbur... you’re in the medbay.”

“I know.” Wilbur nodded, unable to stop some sort of pride from bubbling up. This was a major trauma for him but he was here, sitting in it because Tommy was there.

Medbay’s were different in every ship so it wasn’t like he was sitting in an exact replica of where he’d been tortured but the smell still made him queasy and the sight of any equipment would send his thoughts spiralling.

“And you’re ok with that?” Tommy asked.

“Well... not ok,” Wilbur shrugged, “but I couldn’t just let you sit in here by yourself, you were hallucinating and pretty out of it with your fever.”

“Hallucinating?” Tommy didn’t remember that.

“You thought I was your mother.”

“Fuck.” Tommy remembered that. Wilbur chuckled a little but it was quickly replaced by silence.

Wilbur reached out, running a hand over Tommy’s crest again and Tommy leaned into it. “What did you mean when you said you led hunters back?”

Tommy closed his eyes, “my home planet is just a glorified hunting range for poachers now.” He sighed, turning to lie on his side, facing Wilbur. The movement exhausted him and his body ached in protest. “When I was... eight rotations, I met some hunters. They acted friendly to me, complimented me and tried to make friends. I fucking fell for it.” Tommy opened his eyes again to see Wilbur’s concern. “I led them back home to my mother. We got caught.”

“I’m sorry, Tommy.” Wilbur fiddled with a couple feathers and it was so reminiscent of a flock member preening that Tommy cooed.

“It’s fine. It was a long time ago now.” Tommy leaned more into the touch. “Is this you starting to like me, Wil?” Tommy poked Wilbur.

Wilbur smirked, “perhaps.”

“Knew it was only a matter of time. Everyone loves me.” Tommy twittered and Wilbur chuckled. “I’mma go back to sleep now though, I’m fucking tired.”

“Ok, you go back to sleep. I’ll be here.” Wilbur nodded. Tommy closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Tommy leaned back in the captain’s chair on the bridge. He’d taken stock. They were fine on fuel, they haven’t been moving to burn it up. They were still ok for food and other supplies since they’d packed so much but now, Tommy needed to do something. They needed to come out of hiding and make a move.

Tommy opened the comms link that was blaring at him, “hey boss man.” He smiled at Tubbo.

“Tommy! You’re up!” Tubbo perked up. “I didn’t think you’d be up and about for another few cycles, Phil told me you’d only woken up last cycle.”

“What can I say, I bounce back quickly.” Tommy smirked.

“Are you supposed to be out of the medbay?” Tommy perked up and saw Techno in the doorway.

“Yes.” Tommy nodded.

“No.” Henry said at the same time.

“Traitor.” Tommy shot a look at the camera in the bridge.

“He waited for Wilbur to fall asleep then snuck out.” Henry continued.

“I knew you shouldn’t have been up,” Tubbo chuckled, “Tommy, go back to medbay.”

“No.” Tommy chirped, puffing his chest up.

“I can call Wilbur in here to bully you back into medbay.” Techno threatened.

“Mother hens, all of you.” Tommy crossed his arms and slouched back in his seat.

“Tommy, you’ve been unconscious for four days,” Techno pinched the bridge of his nose.

“So?”

“So...” Techno tapped the comm on his ear, “...Tommy’s in the bridge and refusing to go back to medbay.”

“You snitch.” Tommy’s wings raised and puffed up with a disgruntled squeak.

“Tommy!” Oh, that sounded like Phil. He rushed into the room, finding Tommy sitting in his seat.

“Heeey, Phil. How have you been?” Tommy asked.

“What are you doing out of medbay?”

“I don’t have to be hooked up to fluids anymore.”

“You still need monitored in case you take a turn.”

“It’s booooring in there,” Tommy groaned.

“You’re such a child.” Techno huffed.

“I’m not a child.” Tommy shot to his feet, wings raised.

“Tommy!” Another voice called down the hall.

“Oh, fuck.” Tommy muttered before Wilbur showed up in the doorway. ““Ow do?”

“What the fuck? You literally just woke up yesterday! What are you doing on your feet?!”

“Well you see uh, uh,” Tommy looked around, spotting his friend smirking at him from the screen, “Tubbo?”

“Don’t involve me, *I* didn’t call you in here.”

“Why *did* you call?” Phil asked, “we just spoke yesterday, I told you Tommy was doing ok.”

“Yeah well, there was something I wanted you to ask Tommy about now that he was conscious again.”

“Ask me what?” Tommy asked, grateful for the distraction.

“Well, I’ve been monitoring the web in case anyone else was looking for you while you were recovering and... I found something. It’s a message but I can’t make sense of it.” Tubbo shared his screen and Tommy got a good look at it, blinking at the familiar looking code. It was Fawthern.

“It kind of looks like music notes,” Wilbur shrugged. Tommy tilted his head at Wilbur. “We have music in our culture too, though we use instruments to produce the sounds. It looks a little like how music is written down for us.”

“What does it sound like?” Phil asked.

Tommy started singing the notes. They were long, low caws with a couple trills in between. It was a build up drone and one that made Tommy’s wings twitch with anticipation, tail lashing from side to side and killing toes tapping the metal below him.

“Who sent that?” Tommy asked when he had finished.

Tubbo stopped sharing his screen, showing his own face again, “the sender was pretty discreet but from what I found out about them, it’s from some pirate ship called ‘The Lady Death’.” Tommy’s eyes widened.

“What does it mean?” Wilbur asked, “what would that song be used for?”

Tommy swallowed. “It’s a call to a hunt.”

Chapter End Notes

The end of another fic. I'm still writing the next story so it'll take a while, in the meantime, I'm close to finishing a second story to my other space au.

Hope everyone liked it, I enjoy reading all your comments and seeing your kudos. Thanks for reading though I don't know when this next story will be done since I'm only on chapter 2 right now.

End Notes

To anyone wondering 'you already have a space au, what are you doing?' yeah, I know and I'll turn that into its own series soon once I know what I want but this is one of the many ideas wrestling around in my brain for dominance and I wrote this in 5 days. Enjoy it cus I sure did.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!